

THE LIVING AGE.

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THE ROSES OF THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

"The roses of the Philippine Islands are white at sunrise, pink at noon, and crimson at twilight."

ROSES, your changeful life appears to be

A type of ours: ye greet the morning light
From every stain of earthly contact free,

Clad in a spotless garb of virgin white—
Just so the mind, at Childhood's early age,
Presents to view a fair, unwritten page.

'Tis noon: behold a blushing tint o'erspreads
Your snowy leaves; and thus, in Youth's
sweet years,

Hope o'er the heart a soft illusion sheds,
By whose deceptive art each spot appears
To smile with light, each object to assume
A magic tint of loveliness and bloom.

At twilight comes a change—rich crimson dyes
Pervade your leaves; and thus, when Youth
is o'er,

Joys from a deeper, purer source arise;
The mind pours forth the treasures of its store,
In warm and glorious coloring arrayed,
Casting a radiance o'er the time of shade.

Oh! may the heart, in Childhood's opening day,
Receive impressions traced by careful love;
And, ere Youth's blooming season flits away,
May we so seek true wisdom from above,
That holy thoughts, kind deeds, and precepts
sage,

May cheer the sober twilight of our age!

—*Ladies' Companion.*

CORN-FLOWERS.

As on an eve long passed, I seem to stand
By a low stile, o'erarched with woodbine
sweet,

On either side the bread-fruit of my land,
And the blue corn-flowers smiling at my feet.

I hear from distant woods the ring-dove's note,
The half-hushed robin twitters in the brake:
Above my head the sunset's warm clouds float,
Reflected foliage stains the brimming lake.

Lost 'mong a wilderness of spears, I bind
A wreath of golden ear and azure bloom;
Unwitting how the homeward path to find,
A little one astray amid the gloom.

But hark! what sounds have hushed my simple
song?

Tearful and trembling to a reed I cling;
Vague, childish terrors on my fancy throng—
Impatient hands aside the corn-blades fling.

Ah! I am safe! I know the gentle eyes
Which beam on me with gaze so fond and
true;

These, tender gray, like shadowy twilight skies,
Those, as the smiling corn-flowers, bright and
blue.

Soft lips kiss off the teardrops from my cheek:
With corn-flowers round my brow, and in my
hand,

Home I am borne, a weary nursing weak,
While night comes down upon the silent land.

Bright, blessed childhood! yet a little while
Tarry, and charm me with thy fairy lore;
While the full sheaves the sunburnt reapers pile,
And the blue corn-flowers strew the stubble-
floor.

With one great bound thy sunny hours are gone,
And gone, too, is each dear familiar face,
I look around me, but behold alone
A few blue corn-flowers in an antique vase!

Ramsgate, July, 1859.

—*Ladies' Companion.*

MUSA.

AWAY with you, baby, away to the garden,
And leave ugly Latin to Algernon, do:
He must learn the lesson, although it's a hard
one,

But, darling, there's plenty of time before you.

Oh, if you but knew, dear, you'd run like the
kitten,
And scamper away from a future that waits:—
If you knew the dry nonsense that big folks have
written

On purpose to pester the little folks' pates.

We want all poor Algernon's deepest attention,
You see his sad case by the way that he
frowns;
He's fighting a thing that they call a declen-
sion—

A sort of a regiment of soldiers called nouns.

He'll beat them, you know, for he's brave and
he's willing;

And going to work at them, hammer and
tongs,

And mamma knows who'll give him a splendid
new shilling

As soon as he's perfect to—here, see,—"*By
Songs.*"

So don't interrupt him, my darling, with chatter,
He stops in his lesson to look up and laugh:
His fragile conception of datives you scatter,
And cut his poor ablative plural in half.

What, blue eyes wide open at hearing such tid-
ings,

At being accused in such very long words,
And looking as wistful as if they were chidings?
No, darling, run off to the flowers and the
birds.

Eh? you want a lesson? Well, count all those
roses,

For each you leave out you must pay me a
kiss:

And Al shall be free, too, the moment he knows
his

Musa, musarum, mu—what Al?—musis.

So off with you, baby, and oh, be contented
That you've got no lesson to clout that white
brow,

Some day you'll wish Latin had not been in-
vented:

Perhaps, in her heart, mamma wishes so now.

—*Once a Week.*

E. M. B.

From The Westminster Review for January.

SICILY AS IT WAS AND IS.

1. *Palmieri*.—*Storia Costituzionale di Sicilia*.
2. *La Farina*.—*Storia Documentata della Rivoluzione Siciliana*.
3. *Ranalli*.—*Le Istorie Italie dal 1846 al 1853*.
4. *La Masa*.—*Documenti sulla Rivoluzione Siciliana*.
5. *Cordova*.—*Ruggiero Settimo*.
6. *Pentaleoni*.—*Droits Politiques de la Sicile*.
7. *De Granatelli (Prince)*.—*Sicily and England*. A pamphlet.
8. *Parliamentary Blue-book*. Containing Correspondence of the Affairs of Naples and Sicily, 1848, 1849.

THE history of the early independence and present servitude of the Sicilian people, their ancient bonds of fellowship with England, the important influence the British government has at various times exercised over their condition, the rights obtained through its favor, and the misfortunes resulting from its indifference, forms the substance of the works before us.

Voluminous as is the list, however, it comprises but a few of the publications through which Sicilians of all ranks, of all political shades, have perseveringly endeavored to draw attention to their claims upon England, and to the court of Naples' flagrant violation of engagements they believed this country pledged to see maintained. Failing in their primary object, dismissed as importunate suitors for assistance where they fancied they had made good a title for redress, these statements have gone forth to the rest of Europe as additional evidence of the proverbial faithlessness of British diplomacy, as well as of the surpassing selfishness of a people who, prizing their own free hereditary institutions above all things, have nevertheless raised no voice against the abolition in Sicily of privileges as time-honored and inalienable as their own.

The Norman constitution, the pride and boast of the island, the constitution which, in a memorable debate in the House of Commons never to be forgotten, hardly forgiven, by the Sicilians, was sneeringly alluded to by a cabinet minister as "apocryphal," owed its origin to the celebrated Count Roger, who, towards the end of the eleventh century, here laid the groundwork of the most

enlightened kingdom of the age. Various races then occupied different parts of Sicily; the descendants of the original Sicilians, Greeks, Jews, and Saracens. To all of these, with a toleration and political sagacity that had no parallel at the period, he left the free exercise of their respective laws and religions, at the same time that he united their common interests by a form of popular representation which rapidly fused these conflicting elements into a homogeneous whole.

The reign of his son, Roger II., opens with a ceremonial which demonstrates the importance to which Count Roger's institutions had already attained. We read that he was crowned King of Sicily, Duke of Apulia, and Prince of Capua,* at Palermo, in 1130, "*with the consent of the assembled bishops, barons, and jurists of the realm.*" This monarch, who was celebrated throughout Europe for his victories over the Greek emperors and the Saracens in Africa, at home pursued and amplified his father's policy.

For nearly two centuries the prosperity of Sicily continued unabated. Though on failure of male heirs the crown had passed through a princess to the House of Suabia, its privileges and independence had never been infringed. No prince of that dynasty, on assuming the imperial sceptre, was permitted to retain sovereignty over the island, being bound to cede his authority and the regal title to one of his sons; nor could the transfer be pronounced valid without the sanction of the Sicilian Parliament, before whom the new king was required to present himself, and swear adherence to the constitution bequeathed by his Norman ancestors.

The ambition and recklessness of the Roman pontiffs brought the calamities of a French invasion upon Southern Italy. Manfred, king of Sicily, was slain at the battle of Benevento, in 1266, and Charles of Anjou received from Pope Clement IV. the formal investiture of his dominions. Transporting the seat of government to Naples for sixteen years, Charles compelled the Sicilians to bow beneath a tyranny which the bloody Vespers terribly revenged. Eight

* Under the two last designations was comprised the chief part of the present kingdom of Naples. By old writers the continental possessions of the crown of Sicily are frequently spoken of as *Sicily beyond the Straits*. Hence the title assumed by Charles of Bourbon in 1735—King of the Two Sicilies.

thousand French were massacred in the island, and every trace of their abhorred rule was swept away. Naples, meantime, either less oppressed or less capable of freeing itself from the oppressor, remained in subjection to the Angevin prince, and for upwards of a century and a half to his descendants, whose vices alone rescue them from oblivion.

The first care of the Sicilian Parliament, on resuming the exercise of its functions, was to offer the crown to Peter of Arragon, married to Constance, the only daughter of King Manfred. This invitation was at once accepted. Peter hastened to Palermo, where he swore to observe the statutes and privileges of the nation; then, having obtained the recognition of his second son, James, as his successor in the island, left him among his future subjects under the guardianship of his mother, and returned to Spain.

It was during the sway of the Arragonese line that the Sicilian constitution reached its highest development. In 1296, the parliament, composed of three chambers, or *Bracci*, ecclesiastics, nobles, and commons, the latter including not only the mayors of the cities and boroughs, but a "certain number of burgesses selected for their learning, wealth, and influence," shared with the king the power of legislation. The right of imposing taxes, as well as that of making peace or of declaring war, was also its peculiar attribute. It was convoked and dissolved every year, and could only be convoked or dissolved by itself. The king was forbidden to quit the kingdom without the consent of the parliament; and municipal independence, civil liberty, and the right of private property were guaranteed.

The extinction of the Sicilio-Arragonese dynasty at the commencement of the fifteenth century, transferred the crown to the elder branch of the reigning kings of Arragon, who ere long, by the union of the Ferdinand with Isabella of Castille, became monarchs of all Spain. Tenacious of their ancient rights, and exacting from each of the Spanish kings, either in person or through their representatives, the usual oath of fidelity to the constitution, the Sicilians were able to preserve a greater share of independence than fell to the lot of the other portions of that vast empire which, by conquest or inheritance, aggregated to itself, besides its

transatlantic possessions, Naples, the Duchy of Milan, and the Low Countries.

The people of Palermo still point with pardonable pride to the bronze statue of the Emperor Charles V., erected to commemorate his swearing, in their venerable cathedral, to observe "the statutes, constitutions, privileges, immunities, and liberties of the kingdom:" while their writers gratefully record that both he and his son, Philip II., though in general little careful of popular rights, faithfully maintained their pledge. Even amidst the general corruption and degeneracy that marked the reigns of Philip's successors, Sicily had less to complain of than any of the other states dependent upon Spain. Though the parliament had lost much of its former vigor, and was only convened every three years, it retained sufficient authority to mitigate many of the evils inseparable from a delegated government. It still had the right of voting taxes for that time, and of seeing that they were applied to the purposes for which they were voted; and during the long interval between each session, a deputation of twelve members, chosen from among themselves by the three *Bracci*, represented the national requirements, regulated the finances, and the supplies to be granted to the crown.

The war of the Spanish succession, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, transferred Sicily to Victor Amadeus, Duke of Savoy, who recognized at the Treaty of Utrecht as one of the heirs of the late king of Spain, was crowned at Palermo with the usual oaths and ceremonies, having previously pledged himself, in one of the articles of that treaty, *to preserve the liberties of Sicily*. England, in this transaction, for the first time appeared upon the scene, as exercising a direct influence over the political condition of the island. She promoted its separation from Spain, upon whose throne now sat a grandson of Louis XIV., formerly recognized the new king, and concluded a treaty of commerce with the state.

The rupture of the Treaty of Utrecht, after a few years, caused another general war, and displaced Victor Amadeus. Sicily was temporarily occupied by the Imperialists, and fluctuated for some time between the rival pretensions of Spain and Austria; until finally, in 1735, Charles, son of Philip V.,

the successful Bourbon candidate for the Spanish succession, was invested with his father's Italian possessions on the shores of the Mediterranean.

Thus Naples and Sicily, after having been divided more than four hundred years, were once more brought together; no bond of union being acknowledged by either during the last two centuries, when they were alike tributaries of Spain, but had no community of government, laws, or interests. The young Bourbon prince took the title of Charles III., and repairing to Palermo, swore before the assembled representatives of the Sicilian nation, in the same magnificent fane where the Emperor Charles V. had pronounced the same formula, to maintain inviolate the constitution of the realm. He was then crowned with great pomp as king of the Two Sicilies. To his honor be it spoken, Charles attempted no encroachments on the privileges of Sicily; and when, in 1759, he was called to the throne of Spain, Sicilians and Neapolitans equally mourned his departure. His third son, then a child of eight years old, was declared king of the Two Sicilies, and a regency appointed. To this prince, Ferdinand, fourth of Naples and third of Sicily,* is due the disgraceful celebrity of destroying, in his old age, the Sicilian constitution, which thirty-four successive kings had respected.

The ministers who were left in charge of the young king's minority shamefully abused their trust. When at fifteen he assumed the supreme power, it became lamentably apparent that he was destitute of the mere rudiments of education, or of the commonest principles of government, while his inordinate passion for the chase and athletic exercises, as well as his more questionable propensities, had purposely been fostered. His pastimes were worthy of a Domitian or a Commodus. He delighted to sell fish in the public markets, in the sordid disguise, and affecting the language and manners, of a fisherman. He once opened a booth in the camp at Portici, and dispensed food and wine to the troops at low prices, his queen and courtiers assisting him in the garb of hostess and drawers. Reading, or any other

intellectual exertion, was insupportable to him; and finding the necessity of signing his name to the public acts oppressively irk some, he caused a stamp to be engraved with his signature, which was affixed in his presence to the documents. Councils of state were equally unpalatable; they were rarely assembled and speedily dissolved, writing materials being prohibited on such occasions to avoid any protraction of their sittings.

But Ferdinand's worst qualities were for many years unsuspected. His wife, the notorious Caroline of Austria, to whom he abandoned the direction of affairs, bore the odium of his arbitrary enactments; and he would have been registered in history rather as a jovial, careless sensualist, than a deliberately wicked man, had not the conclusion of his long reign demonstrated that her promptings were not requisite to impel him to cruelty and bad faith. Insatiable in her thirst for power, courageous, energetic, dissolute, and vindictive, the character of this queen, and the evil deeds of which she stands accused, have their prototype in the Fredegondas and Brunehildas of the dark ages. Possessed in no ordinary degree of the gift of fascinating all whom it was her interest to gain, when the pursuits of pleasure had lost their zest, she turned her arts to the prosecution of diplomatic intrigues, and launched the kingdom into the stormy sea of European politics. The times were menacing. The rapid progress of the French Revolution; the violent deaths of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, sister to Queen Caroline; the hostile attitude of the French Directory; all naturally awoke in the court of Naples the utmost abhorrence and alarm. A coalition was formed with England, Austria, and Russia, against France; whilst as an internal measure of security, any leaning, real or suspected, towards republicanism, was unsparingly dealt with. By a process of reasoning worthy of the Neapolitan cabinet, representative institutions were now decried as almost equally perilous as the wildest excesses of anarchy to the well-being of society; and the Sicilian constitution, always regarded with jealousy and dislike, at once became avowedly obnoxious.

The first occasion for invading the privileges of Sicily presented itself in 1798. The parliament was then sitting in Palermo, and the king sent to demand a subsidy of twenty

* Two kings of this name had reigned over Sicily, and three over Naples, since their separation at the time of the Sicilian Vespers. In their anxiety not to confound their historical records with those of the Neapolitans, the Sicilians insist much on this distinction.

thousand ounces * per month *for all the time it might be judged necessary*. This pretension, which sapped at the very root of their institutions, and which none of their previous monarchs had ever put forward, was vigorously opposed. The parliament refused its sanction, not to the grant, but to the bestowing it for an unlimited period. But this reservation was not supportable to the crown, which seemed bent on enforcing its unqualified demands. The Sicilians on their side were equally determined on resistance, and a revolution was impending, when a rapid series of reverses in their Neapolitan possessions compelled the royal family to fly before the armies of France, and seek a refuge among the people whose liberties they had so deliberately assailed.

The English fleet, fresh from the glories of Aboukir, protected the hurried departure of the court. The king and queen embarked on Nelson's flag-ship, carrying with them an immense amount of valuables and specie, and accompanied by the British minister, Sir William Hamilton. The passage was singularly tempestuous; for many hours serious apprehensions for their safety were entertained. During the height of the storm one of the young princes died. It was in the arms of Lady Hamilton that the royal infant breathed his last. At the moment of setting her foot upon the mole at Palermo, the queen turned to the assembled crowd, "Palermitans!" she said, "will you receive your queen?" An enthusiastic burst of applause was their response. The generous people forgot in the humiliation of their monarch, all their recent causes of distrust and resentment. The royal family were conducted in triumph to the palace, where the citizens thronged to present their homage, as well as more substantial marks of attachment. Rich equipages, horses, costly furniture, were lavishly proffered in token of the exultation with which the presence of the sovereign was hailed in his ancient, but long-neglected, capital, and of the universal gratification at the confidence reposed in Sicilian loyalty.

This time the stay of Ferdinand in the island was too short, his position too critical, to admit of any proceedings unfavorable to the existing harmony. Within a few

* The Sicilian ounce represented at that time about ten shillings, English currency.

months the fortunes of the war changed; the Austrians expelled the French from Naples, and the house of Bourbon was reinstated in its territories beyond the Straits. The bloody revenge wreaked in 1799, by Caroline and Cardinal Ruffo, the prime minister, on all who were supposed to have favored the establishment of the short-lived Parthenopean republic, belongs to the darkest page in Neapolitan history. Unhappily for the fame of our great naval hero, the execution of Caracciolo is inscribed upon it. But the restoration of the royal family proved of short duration. In 1806 they were again driven forth at the fiat of Napoleon, and, as before loyally welcomed in Sicily. Little probability seemingly existed that they would ever return to Naples. Joseph Buonaparte was seated upon its throne until it suited his brother to transfer him to Spain, and appoint Murat to replace him. A miniature, but prosperous and coveted kingdom, was thus established under the protectorate of the empire.

At that juncture the power of Napoleon was dazzling, unquestioned. It was only a year since the victory of Austerlitz had placed the whole continent under his control;—since Pitt, on learning that intelligence, had cried out in bitterness of spirit, "Roll up the map of Europe!" Great Britain stood almost alone. Her allies were either completely mastered, or too disabled to render any further aid in the protracted struggle. Except Malta, she held no positions in the Mediterranean, and it therefore became an object of paramount importance to preserve Sicily as a point of concentration for her troops. A convention to this effect was accordingly entered into with King Ferdinand; and in return for the advantages thus secured, the English government bound itself to pay a subsidy of £400,000 yearly to the court while the war lasted, and to protect the island from a French invasion.

Some years passed on, during which the queen's animosity to the free institutions of Sicily acquired greater intensity. To her domineering spirit, used to the absolute authority she had so long wielded at Naples, the check they imposed was inexpressibly galling. Every means of irritation and oppression, short of openly violating the laws, was unscrupulously resorted to. The police were unsparing in their inquisition after every trace of liberalism. Spies swarmed all over the country. Combined with the restrictions on freedom of speech, of reading, or of the press, usual to all despotic governments, were the no less common puerilities with regard to personal costume. Whiskers and pantaloons, considered as dangerous innovations on pig-tails and knee-

breeches, were vigorously proscribed. Not a single Sicilian was to be found in the cabinet, nor in any office of the state. Places, pensions, dignities, all were absorbed by the queen's parasites. The resources of the island were drained, either to defray the expenses of a horde of Neapolitan refugees, or in preparing abortive expeditions for the reconquest of Naples. Under pretence of the exigencies of the times, Caroline seized all the deposits at the national bank, placed there under government security; and finally filled up the measure of her rapacity by appropriating the whole of the property left in pledge by the poorest classes at the *Monte di Pietà*.*

Up till 1811 the English confined themselves to their military occupation, having about eighteen thousand troops stationed in the island, and remained passive spectators of the widening schism between the crown and the people. But at this period matters had reached a crisis which necessitated the active interposition of the cabinet of St. James; and a phase in Sicilian history was entered upon, wherein England played a part of which the beginning and the end were miserably dissimilar. It seems that a twofold danger alarmed our government. Not only was it to be apprehended that the Sicilians, now driven to extremities, might renounce their allegiance and invoke the assistance of Murat, but traces had been discovered of a conspiracy on the part of the queen to betray her British allies to Napoleon. The exact details of this singular plot are not yet before the world. Its proofs are said to lie in certain documents in the French Foreign office, which, according to diplomatic rules, will not be published until sixty years after the events they refer to have elapsed. Its existence, however, has never been called in question.

The queen, dissatisfied with England for not making the recovery of Naples the prominent object in the war, had secretly turned to another quarter for the accomplishment of her desires. Through her grand-niece, Maria Lousia, recently united to the emperor, a channel of communication with France was opened; and her restoration to the Neapolitan throne was made conditional on her favoring the designs of Napoleon in a sudden descent upon the English forces in the island. To foil these intrigues, and avert any popular outbreak, Lord William Bentinck was despatched to Palermo, invested with the double office of commander-in-chief of the

British forces in the Mediterranean, and minister plenipotentiary to the Sicilian court. While this eminent man was on his way to the country in which his name is still so gratefully remembered, the acmé of maladministration and injustice had been reached.

An extraordinary supply of 360,000 ounces per annum was required from the parliament. The nation was not in a condition to furnish this exorbitant amount, and only 150,000 ounces were voted. Furious at this non-compliance, the king reconvened the chambers, and repeated his demand; but they firmly adhered to their previous decision. In retaliation he arbitrarily ordered the sale of several communal and national estates, and the levying of a tax of one per cent on the value of every contract. A strong protest was then issued by the parliament against these unconstitutional measures, setting forth that, "During an uninterrupted period of several centuries the Sicilian people had never recognized any other means of supplying the royal treasury except by such contributions as were approved of by their representatives during the sitting of parliament." The king's reply to this remonstrance was the arrest of the five barons by whom it was presented. In the dead of the night, without any warning or preparation, these chiefs of five of the most illustrious Sicilian houses, were seized in their homes, carried on board ship, and transported to state prisons in various islets off the coast. The popular indignation was deep and threatening. In vain did the queen affect to brave public opinion, and overawe the Palermitans, by exhibiting herself in a sort of triumph through all the principal streets. She could discern in the lowering aspect of the people that the measure of their long suffering was now full. One day more might have witnessed the city in revolt, and Murat invited to its support; but an unlooked-for deliverer was at hand. Forty-eight hours after the arrest of the five barons, Lord William Bentinck landed in Palermo.

His comprehensive mind took in at a glance the requirements of the situation. He saw the imperative necessity of protecting a national government in Sicily as a counterpoise to the treacherous machinations of the queen, and lost no time in addressing an official note to the crown, intimating the British cabinet's views with regard to the maintenance of the Sicilian constitution. These representations were insolently rejected. The queen openly manifested her aversion to the new envoy: "This vile sergent," she said, "was sent here to make bows, not to dictate laws." Finding his

* The *Monte di Pietà*, it is scarcely necessary to explain, is a government institution, a vast sort of pawnbroker's office, established to secure to the poor more facilities and fairer dealing than could be obtained in a private concern.

personal influence ineffectual, unless backed by unconditional authority from the government at home; and desirous, moreover, to lay before it a clear account of the state of Sicily, Bentinck, with characteristic promptitude, re-embarked for England, leaving among the leaders of the constitutional party sufficient assurances of his determination to uphold their rights, to prevent any insurrection during his absence. After being away only six weeks, the court was disagreeably surprised at his return. "The wretch!" the queen was heard to exclaim, "even the winds favor him!" Caroline had good cause for being displeased, for his re-appearance proved the death-blow to her ascendancy. Full powers to act, as well as to remonstrate, had been conferred upon him; and his first step was to demand the release of the five barons, the revocation of the recent unconstitutional edicts, and the removal of all Neapolitans from offices of state.

Unwilling to yield, yet fearful of openly refusing, the court sought to gain time under various pretences. Bentinck's decision and straightforwardness, however, proved a match even for the subtlest arts of Neapolitan diplomacy. He suspended the payment of the subsidy, which, as already mentioned, was furnished by England to the royal family, until his requisitions should be complied with; while the English troops were transferred by forced marches from Messina, their previous head-quarters, to the vicinity of Palermo. Opposing to these vigorous proceedings a will equally energetic and inflexible, Caroline appeared to grow more stubborn as the hopelessness of the struggle became more apparent. She instructed the king, who, on pretence of ill-health, had retired to the country, to refuse, in a private audience which the British plenipotentiary had expressly solicited, even to listen to his warnings and advice. At the same time it was evident, by her inflammatory harangues to the military, and other hostile demonstrations, that, encouraged probably by some communications from France, she was seriously preparing for resistance.

Whatever may have been her calculations, Bentinck was not one to give her the opportunity of seeing them realized. He took down the English arms from the front of the embassy, and announcing that he was on the point of quitting Palermo, demanded a final interview with Francis, the hereditary prince. His announcement was brief, but startling:—

"I have used every argument to bring the king and queen to reason, but in vain. Great evils require strong remedies. I am about to leave Palermo, and place myself at the head of my troops. I shall then advance upon the town, and embark their majesties for England. Your

royal highness shall reign if you agree to my just demands, and show yourself faithful to the alliance with Great Britain. If not, I have a frigate for you also, and your son shall fill your place."

At this bold language, the prince turned pale; and even his haughty mother felt the necessity of submission. Following the example of her husband, she retired to one of the royal villas; and the hereditary prince, invested with the king's *alter ego*, was named vicar-general of the kingdom.

Sicily might now be considered under the protectorate of Great Britain. As a statesman, Bentinck took a prominent part in the councils of the new ministry, of which three of the liberated barons were members; and in his military capacity, the Sicilian army was placed under his control. The parliament was speedily convoked—"not only (in the words of the vicar-general's edict) to turn its attention to the wants of the State, but likewise to the correcting of abuses, and the amelioration of laws; and to every thing, in short, that can contribute to the real happiness of this most faithful people." On the 15th of June, 1812, it was opened by the prince, with the most flattering assurances, and amidst universal hope and exultation. During the ensuing session the work of reform was carried out. The ancient Sicilian constitution was remodelled, and assimilated as much as possible to the actual one of England. The three chambers which had previously subsisted, were reduced to two; the Lords Spiritual and Temporal forming one, the Commons the other. Obsolete laws and privileges were rescinded; the nobility themselves setting in this a noble example. "The barons of Sicily," says Bentinck, "presented one of the most glorious spectacles the world ever beheld. They came forward with the voluntary surrender of their own feudal rights." To give the new charter of their liberties additional validity, not content with the full acquiescence of the vicar-general, the Sicilians requested him to obtain from the king a fresh authorization to accept and ratify it on his behalf. Accordingly, Ferdinand wrote with his own hand, at the foot of the prince's despatch, these words, which are registered in the archives of the kingdom: "The above is conformable to my intentions, and I authorize you to carry it into effect." Thus fenced about by every imaginable security—the double agreement of the king and the regent, and the support and direction of Great Britain, the constitution of 1812, or as it is often popularly termed, "the English Constitution," was established in Sicily.

This happy result of Lord William Bentinck's intervention gave the greatest satisfaction to the government at home. George

IV., then prince regent, directed Lord Castlereagh to express to the Prince of Belmonte, Sicilian Minister of Foreign Affairs, one of the five barons who had presented the remonstrance, his approbation of "the truly wise and patriotic part he had taken in the recent negotiations;" and his conviction that "by persevering in the same conduct the alliance between the two countries would be forever fixed upon such a basis, that neither intrigues nor force would be able to shake it." The London press re-echoed these assurances, and powerfully contributed to strengthen in the minds of a people unacquainted with the ebb and flow of political partisanship, the inconvenient persuasion that England recognized their national liberties as thenceforth entrusted to her honor and safe-keeping.

Every effort was made by the Sicilian government to show a grateful sense of its obligations; and the treaty of mutual alliance with Great Britain, which had hitherto been a dead letter on the side of Ferdinand and Caroline, was thoroughly carried out. During the previous six years, notwithstanding an express stipulation to that effect, no native troops had been furnished to co-operate in the war. Now, in the course of nine months, a contingent of 7,000 men was despatched to Spain; and in a few months later, more than double that number were available. The vicar-general also appeared so well disposed towards fulfilling his engagements, that he was upbraided by his mother for his servile deference to the dictates of Bentinck and the Liberals.

We have not space to dwell on the queen's unceasing intrigues to overthrow the new order of things, which went the length, so the popular voice affirms, and historians do not discredit, of an attempt to carry off the prince by poison, while she kept up her secret practices with Napoleon for surprising her British allies. At length after a twelve-month of successful but harassing opposition, Bentinck, on the discovery of fresh indications of Caroline's perfidy, represented to the king that public security required that her majesty should leave the island. At this suggestion, Ferdinand turned his back upon the ambassador, and divulged some of the designs of his party by threatening the Prince of Belmonte, one of Bentinck's staunchest supporters, with a speedy and bloody reaction; "And thou shalt be its first victim," he added. "I shall know in that case," was the reply, "whose hand directed the dagger of the assassin." The ministers now gave in their resignation, and for twenty days the king, shut up in the palace of La Favorita, refused any attention to Bentinck's official notes, hoping to gain time for the counter-

revolution the queen still flattered herself she would bring about. But a decisive movement on the part of the soldier cut short the perplexities of the diplomatist. During the night Bentinck caused the approaches to the royal residence to be surrounded by a body of English cavalry, and gave the court to understand that all temporizing must be at an end.

Ferdinand now saw plainly that a step only lay between him and the deck of an English man-of-war. He accordingly yielded to Bentinck's requirements. Supplied by her victorious antagonist with the funds for paying her debts and redeeming her jewels, the queen embarked for Constantinople, from whence by a circuitous land journey she proceeded to Vienna, all nearer approaches to Austria being in the hands of the French. A year later, and the course of Caroline was run. She was found dead in her bed-chamber in the castle of Hetzendorf; her heart broken by the determination of the congress then assembled in Vienna, September, 1814, to maintain Joachim Murat on the throne of Naples. "It not being possible," in the words of the Emperor Alexander—or what at least were reported as such to the queen the night before her death, "now that the fate of populations had to be taken in question, to restore a butchering king."

In Sicily, meantime, all went on smoothly, until the Neapolitans who were the king's familiar associates profited by Bentinck's absence in Spain, whither he had gone with the Sicilian contingent, to renew the intrigues which he fancied had been forever cut short by the removal of Queen Caroline. Every art of bribery and cajolery was employed to win over a party in the chambers to set aside the authority of the vicar-general, and procure Ferdinand's return to power; while rumors were extensively circulated, charging the English government with meditating a *coup de main* for the total appropriation of the island. Bentinck's prompt return once more checked these machinations. In the spring of 1814, however, the foreign policy of the English cabinet underwent a complete change. Napoleon an exile in Elba, the pacification of Europe seemingly ensured, no stringent motive any longer existed for sustaining the national party in Sicily. Ferdinand's resumption of the powers he had delegated to his son, therefore, met with no further opposition. Contemporarily with the old king's return to the government, Bentinck's mission came to an end; and the last days of his sojourn in the island were embittered by witnessing the substitution of the liberal ministry, composed of his own personal friends, by one avowedly absolutist in its tendencies. Thus, in July, 1814, termi-

nated the English armed intervention in Sicily; an intervention which, dictated by the most palpable self-interest, led to the assumption of moral obligations towards the Sicilian people, which honor and humanity should have rendered more permanent than the contingency that gave them rise. Diplomats affect to ridicule the earnestness with which the Sicilians dwelt on these obligations; the persistence with which when evil times came upon them they petitioned this country for justice; and the faith they so long cherished in the recognition of their claims. But what Englishman, whose honesty of judgment is yet unwarped, can refuse to acknowledge in the promises held out to secure their co-operation and allegiance, in the praises lavished on their patriotism, and in the unqualified approval of Lord William Bentinck's line of conduct during his two years' struggle against their sovereign, that they had ample grounds for the belief that a definite purpose of maintaining their political independence animated the British government and people?

Bentinck's successor, as English minister at Palermo, was Mr., afterwards Sir William, A'Court.* To this day the Sicilians apply to them the surnames of two of their Norman kings. "William the Good" is remembered as the restorer of their liberties; "William the Bad" as their destroyer. The one threw the weight of his authority into the popular scale; the diplomatic resources of the other were taxed to the uttermost to promote the ascendancy of the crown. Bentinck had been the sheet anchor of the Liberals. A'Court became as speedily the councillor and favorite of Ferdinand; and the former's energy in building up the constitution, found its counterpoise in the new minister's ready co-operation in overthrowing it.

It must not be imagined, however, that the king at once threw off all restraint, or that Mr. A'Court immediately earned a title to the designation of "Il Malo." On the contrary both started with sufficiently favorable indications. Notwithstanding the change there had been in the ministry, the king's speech on the opening of the chambers, July, 1814, was full of expressions of confidence towards the Sicilian people, while he professed to "regard the constitution with feelings of the tenderest affection." Mr. A'Court, on his side, in the autumn of the same year, presented a memorandum from Lord Castlereagh, which was circulated throughout the island, and, in spite of some hesitation and ambiguity in its wording, served to calm the apprehension that England intended backing out of her previous engagements. This document, which seven years later Lord Castlereagh saw fit to withhold

* Subsequently Lord Heytesbury.

from the House of Commons, contained a summary of the policy hitherto pursued towards Sicily; disclaimed the secret ambitions attributed to the interference of Great Britain; and announced she had "no intention of continuing the peculiar attitude circumstances had compelled her to assume during the war." But as a corrective to this declaration, and to the assurance, "that in the event of any prudent and temperate modification of the government, England would willingly lend that aid and support which it might be in her power to afford," there came this stipulation:—

"She exacts only as a condition of her assistance that this modification be undertaken by the parliament itself, and accomplished in a legal and constitutional manner, as far removed from any direct intervention of overbearing authority on the one hand, as any undue exertion of popular interference on the other." Finally, in reference to "those individuals who have supported the measures of internal policy in Sicily during the last three years," a decided tone is assumed. "Their abandonment would be inconsistent with the character and dignity of the British nation. It has an undoubted right to insist that no person shall suffer, either in his person or property, for the part he may have taken for the establishment and support of the constitution; and the perfect security of these individuals must be considered as the *sine qua non* of the continuance of British protection and alliance."

Thus much for official professions; the practices by which they were soon followed were of a different complexion. First came the dissolution of the parliament, under pretence of some illegality in the election of the deputies; but in reality to get rid of all those members who had been most conspicuous in advocating reform. Next the political catechism, sanctioned by the vicar-general, containing the statutes of the constitution of 1812, familiarly explained, and by him appointed to be taught in all the public schools, was burned, at the king's command, by the public executioner. While lastly, under the eyes of Mr. A'Court, and without a word of remonstrance on his part, all the supporters of the *English party*, as it was then termed, either about the palace, or in public departments, were displaced; and many treated with open indignity, apprehensive of worse things, voluntarily expatriated themselves. It being now evident that no protection could be counted on from the English representative, the Prince of Belmonte, already mentioned as one of the leaders of the Sicilian patriots, set out with the intention of following Lord Castlereagh to the Congress of Vienna, and there exposing the dangers which threatened Sicily. But he fell ill on his way; and to the irreparable loss of his countrymen, breathed his last at

Paris, without having accomplished the object of his journey.

The events of 1815, and the imprudence of Murat, brought back Ferdinand to Naples. On Napoleon's escape from Elba, his brother-in-law thought he might strike for the throne of the entire Peninsula. The result is well known. Totally defeated by the Austrians, he passed some months in concealment in France and Corsica, till a desperate attempt to reinstate himself in the kingdom of Naples, cost him his life. Ferdinand, who had already returned to his dominions beyond the Straits, showed no mercy to his fallen foe.

In the last sittings of the Congress of Vienna, we hear no more of "the considerations of humanity" ascribed the previous autumn to its deliberations on the affairs of Naples. The 104th article of the treaty there concluded, thus decrees the restoration of the Neapolitan Bourbons: "His Majesty King Ferdinand IV., for himself, his heirs and successors, is re-established upon the throne of Naples, and recognized by the powers as king of the kingdom of the Two Sicilies. There is nothing apparently remarkable in the wording of this article; nevertheless, on the alteration of the previous title of *king of the Two Sicilies*, for that of the *king of the kingdom of the Two Sicilies*, the court of Naples founded pretensions—gravely brought forward in recent days—to justify the most flagrant breach of faith ever laid to the charge even of Bourbon princes. Three days after the general treaty had been signed, a secret agreement was entered into between Austria and Naples. The exact words of this compact, which was concealed even from Lord Castlereagh for upwards of two years—a compact denounced by Sir James Mackintosh, as "a secret stab at English honor and Sicilian liberty"—are as follows: "His majesty, in resuming the government of his kingdom, will not admit of any innovation which is not in accordance either with the ancient monarchical institutions, or with the principles adopted by his imperial and royal majesty (the emperor of Austria), in the internal government of his Italian provinces."

The Sicilian constitution could not in fairness be classed as an innovation; but of late years it had been resuscitated as it were; it had stepped into new vigor and importance; and consequently, its existence was a dangerous incentive to schemes of similar independence. It is therefore easy to understand why Austria, desirous of establishing despotism all over Italy, pronounced its doom.

A year notwithstanding was suffered to pass without any overt aggression, means

being taken in the interval to foment such disunion and corruption in Sicily as would give a coloring of justice to the king's designs. The hereditary prince, left there with the title of viceroy (not vicar-general, which would have awakened reminiscences of a different state of things), was included in the studied system of throwing contempt on every one connected with the Bentinck era. His ministers received their instructions direct from Naples, and were the avowed tools of Medici, the king's favorite, whose animosity to the Sicilians was so undisguised, that he was heard to declare "*he would leave them nothing but their eyes to weep with!*" The liberty of the press was rapidly restricted till their last newspaper was suspended; and all the printers of Palermo, summoned before the president of the supreme court of justice, were admonished, under severe penalties, that nothing henceforth was to be printed without the knowledge and consent of the government. Some one present having appealed to the privileges of the constitution, the president angrily retorted "that in spite of a hundred thousand constitutions he would send them all to the galleys."

Bribery and intimidation having had full scope, it was now thought feasible to obtain petitions from the different electoral *communes*, praying for a revision of the statute: but to the lasting honor of the Sicilians, not one village even, throughout the island, sent up such an address. Indeed, the most opposite results were produced by this attempt, which aroused the population to the sense of impending danger. The signatures denied to the satellites of the king, were rapidly affixed to petitions to the viceroy, entreating that the parliament, dissolved by his father before his removal to Naples, might be assembled without delay. More than forty of these addresses reached the prince; one hundred others were intercepted by the local magistrates, who had been bought over by the crown.

Regardless of these demonstrations, in the autumn of 1816, Ferdinand of Bourbon applied for the consent of England to the suppression of the representative institutions of which she had so lately been the champion. The history of this miserable transaction is necessarily intricate and obscure. General Colletta, a celebrated Neapolitan writer, whose public career showed he was far from partial to the Sicilians, and whose testimony is therefore unsuspected, thus sums it up:—

"Those ministers, those counsellors, those confidants of the king, formerly persecutors of the Sicilians, but in 1812 driven from power—restored to greater power in 1815, through the desire of vengeance, ambition, and ministerial pride, urged the king to absolutism, he being

already sufficiently inclined thereto, and to the destruction of the constitution of 1812. The guarantee of England being an obstacle, they made use of fraud. They represented to the English government," that Sicily, "*discontented with her political situation, demanded other laws.*" Mr. A'Court, the English minister—the confidant of the king, and friend of Medici—crafty and malevolent, gave weight to these frauds, and England, deceiving and deceived, abandoned Sicily."

Our Foreign Office's reply to Mr. A'Court's first intimation of the king of Naples' desire to make some changes in the Sicilian constitution, changes which he affirmed *were equally desired by the parliament of Sicily*, was not satisfactory to that monarch. Its tenor was much to the same effect as the memorandum of 1814, and disclaimed any wish to interfere in the internal affairs of the state, except under circumstances where "it would be a duty." These reservations were as follows:—

"If those individuals who acted with the British authorities during the late difficult times in Sicily, met with unkindness or persecution; or if any attempt were made to reduce the privileges of the Sicilian nation in such a degree as might expose the British government to the reproach of having contributed to a change of system in the island, which had in the end impaired the freedom and happiness of its inhabitants."

Although Mr. A'Court had already shown himself a very lenient interpreter of diplomatic instructions, and a stoic in his appreciation of the harsh treatment of the Sicilian Liberals, this communication contained difficulties not to be overcome except by personal explanations. Accordingly, we find him setting out like Bentinck for London; and like him returning, after a rapid journey, to decide the fate of Sicily. What passed in his conferences with Lord Castlereagh has never transpired; indeed, nothing was known in England of the whole proceeding for several years. But the results speak for themselves. Invited to join in the sittings of the Neapolitan council, the representative of England, with the mockery of protecting the interests of Sicily, took part in the deliberations which consigned that ill-fated country to political annihilation, to servitude and decay. A more unblushing violation of a great nation's pledges the world has never witnessed. The memorandum of 1814 had stipulated "*that no modification of the existing government of Sicily should be undertaken except by the parliament itself, and in a legal and constitutional manner:*" whereas not even the semblance of a deputation from that parliament was now at hand, to point out what were the changes for which Mr. A'Court asserted it was desirous.

By the famous edicts of December, 1816,

the two kingdoms of Naples and Sicily were declared united; and the king, assuming the title of Ferdinand I., King of the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies, announced that he *took the whole of the government into his own hands, in conformity with the 104th article of the treaty of Vienna*, which by uniting the Two Sicilies into one kingdom, had necessitated these changes. Thus by one stroke was cancelled the Sicilian constitution. The new laws of the parliament of 1812, the ancient laws which that parliament had left in force, the privileges enjoyed since the time of Count Roger, were all withdrawn; and a despotic and faithless sovereign, grasping courtiers, and a corrupt magistracy, were henceforth to have uncontrolled ascendancy over Sicily.

Indignant protests, entreaties, lamentations, were addressed to England by the Sicilians; but the nation was sunk in the profound lethargy following a prolonged and exhausting struggle, and their complaints were unheeded. A few years later, Lord William Bentinck brought their grievances before the House of Commons. He detailed the principal features of his occupation of the island; the pledges entered into by England; and earnestly insisted upon the slur cast upon her by their non-fulfilment. Lord Castlereagh's reply was a tissue of flippancy and mendacity, which stung the Sicilians to the very quick,—a reply he never could have ventured upon had one-tenth part of his audience possessed the faintest perception of the past or actual condition of the people whose destinies lay in their hands. Suppressing, among the documents he laid upon the table, his memorandum of 1814, he proceeded to affirm that the ancient institutions described by Lord William Bentinck were all an illusion, "a mere oratorical flourish;" and that the constitution of 1812, not having been found adapted to the character of the Sicilians, *it was in pursuance of an address from the Sicilian parliament* that the king had issued his decrees of 1816. He then described the government of Ferdinand as paternal, wilfully ignoring the tremendous severities at that moment revenging the establishment of a constitution at Naples,—and finally, threw an air of *persiflage* over the whole question which irresistibly decided the failure of Bentinck's motion. Notwithstanding a splendid appeal from Sir James Mackintosh, the ministers obtained a large majority; and for many years the British parliament left the misfortunes of Sicily in oblivion.

The revolutions of Naples and Sicily in 1820 were the first of that long series of insurrections and conspiracies, which from Etna to the Adriatic have ever since testified to

the fallacy and wickedness of the system imposed by the Congress of Vienna upon the Italian states; and they are memorable also as having furnished the pretext for the armed intervention Austria thenceforth insisted upon as her right in similar contingencies. The Neapolitans had obtained a constitution from the old king, ratified by a public oath of the most solemn nature; the Sicilians, dissatisfied with its provisions, were insisting on their separate parliament and charter of 1812; when an Austrian force, solicited by Ferdinand, silenced all importunity, and swept away every dream of liberty. Despotism was re-established with unsparing severity, and a disastrous sequel of executions, imprisonments, exile, and confiscations, left for a while no distinction in the common misery of the two nations. In 1825, the king's long life of profligacy and deceit closed, like that of Caroline, by a fit of apoplexy. The accession of Francis brought no improvement. The mild and conciliating vicar-general of old times, had long ceased to be any thing but a puppet in the hands of the Jesuits. When Ferdinand II., in 1830, at the age of twenty, ascended the throne, no prince ever had a fairer field for playing a great part. The redress of some of the most crying abuses of his father's and grandfather's administration, and the announcement that "he would heal the wounds of Sicily," led his subjects to the belief that their young sovereign was only biding his time to enter upon those political reforms authorized, or rather necessitated, by the recent examples of Greece, France, and Belgium. He at once sent his brother, the Count of Syracuse, as viceroy to Palermo, with a court and separate ministry; and the Sicilians, interpreting these measures as preliminary to the restoration of their rights, gave Ferdinand an enthusiastic reception when he shortly afterwards came amongst them. But he was very far from contemplating the revival of the constitution. He had already made his profession of faith. In a letter only recently brought to light the world now knows how haughtily he replied, soon after his accession, to the counsels of Louis Philippe. The citizen king urged his nephew to comply with the spirit of the age, and give large concessions. Ferdinand answered, "that liberty was fatal to the family of the Bourbons, and he was decided at any cost to avoid the fate of Louis XVI and Charles X.: that in all concerning the political system of Italy he inclined to the ideas of Metternich, that his people had no necessity to think for themselves. He charged himself with their prosperity and dignity, but would himself be king alone, and always king.

Such being his preconceived determina-

tion, no sympathy was shown towards the representative institutions of Sicily; and the population, on Ferdinand's second visit in 1834, by the coldness of their greeting, expressed the general disappointment. Profoundly hurt in his turn, the king now suffered a feeling of personal hostility to influence his future dealings with the island. The material benefits conferred upon the Neapolitan provinces, the draining of marshes, the construction of roads, and various monuments of public utility or embellishment, to which he delighted to appeal as evidences of his solicitude for the welfare of his dominions, were not bestowed on Sicily. It was systematically depreciated and neglected, till a singular occurrence proved the last drop to the brimming cup, and by driving some districts into rebellion, gave the crown the opportunity it had been seeking for three years of destroying what the decrees of 1816 had left of Sicilian nationality.

In 1837, the cholera broke out in Naples. In Sicily, where, as in most southern countries, it was believed contagious, strict quarantine laws were established by the local authorities. Resolutely violating these laws, the Neapolitan government insisted on the admission into the harbor of Palermo of a ship freighted with the accoutrements and clothing of soldiers who had died of the dreaded malady. Almost simultaneously it appeared in the island, and in Palermo, out of a population of 170,000, 30,000 were carried off. The people believed that the king had deliberately introduced the disease in order to decimate them and render insurrection impossible. The result was, that an insurrection broke out in Catania and Syracuse: officials were murdered; statues of the Bourbons were thrown down; and a cry for the constitution was raised again. A bloody "pacification," by Swiss regiments, under the orders of the Marquis Del Carretto, followed; upwards of one hundred persons were executed; a much larger number were imprisoned; and the *Law of Promiscuous Government* completed Sicily's chastisement. *Nominally*, this law was to effect a fusion of Neapolitan and Sicilian interests, by throwing open the offices of each country to the natives of the other; really it was intended to fill Sicilian offices with Neapolitans; this it effected, and, of course, fomented the spirit of discord between the two nations. A horde of Neapolitans, comporting themselves with intolerable arrogance, soon filled every place of emolument in the island; while the Sicilians permitted to hold office in Naples were men of no character or standing, in whom self-interest had extinguished every sentiment that could render them objectionable. The episcopal sees were also

occupied by Neapolitans, all tools of the court, who endeavored to mould the parochial clergy to a system of espionage, in which even the sanctity of the confessional was not respected. The once coveted post of viceroy was so degraded in public estimation, that even among the Neapolitans, with their notorious lust for gain, none of any eminence would accept it. As if in mockery of the duties he was deputed to fulfil, the wearer of the title resided for the most part of the year at Naples, whence he issued proclamations signed and dated as if from Palermo. Martial law became a permanent institution; and the unrestrained insolence and brutality of the soldiery, who occupied Sicily in the light of a conquered country, raised the hatred with which every thing appertaining to Naples was regarded to a pitch which the worst times of Caroline's oppression never surpassed.

The national taxation, which had long exceeded the maximum stipulated for, "*without the consent of parliament*," by Mr. A'Court, was now raised to the enormous amount of 2,318,000 ounces: no question, it is superfluous to remark, "*of the keystone of British consistency*," ever being mooted by the English government. Once only, in 1840, did it remember "its ancient ally's" existence, when the Sicilian sulphur trade was converted into a monopoly of the crown. This measure not only brought great losses upon the island, but—what was much more to the purpose—it closely affected the interests of English commerce. The king was therefore remonstrated with and threatened till it was annulled.

Of the vast sums thus yearly levied on a population of two millions, impoverished and unemployed, more than half found their way to Naples, to fill the private treasury of the king, or stimulate the rapacity of his ministers. No remonstrance could obtain a hearing. Each official underling was a tyrant, and secure of impunity, trampled underfoot every appeal for justice. An all-powerful police enveloped the whole country in a vast network of extortion, bribery, and violence. The results of such a system scarcely require description. Agriculture, trade, manufactures, all languished. A fourth part of the island remained uncultivated. The highways along the coast were almost impracticable from banditti; the interior inaccessible, moreover, from want of roads; the towns falling into ruin. In Palermo, the press, under the double censorship of the ecclesiastical authorities and the police, often was not allowed the faculty of republishing books permitted at Naples. Education was systematically discouraged; even infant schools prohibited. Any public commemo-

ration, any testimony of respect to the memory of a Sicilian, became treasonable. It was forbidden to raise a monument to Jaci, a celebrated mathematician; the corpse of Bellini was not allowed a resting-place on his native shores. Vice only received sanction as a potent auxiliary to national debasement.

Such was the condition of Sicily for ten long years—a condition to which that of the sister kingdom, though sufficiently deplorable, is allowed on all sides to have borne no comparison. The events connected with its rising in 1848 must now be glanced at. The election of Pius IX. to the papal chair in June, 1846, found Italy ripe for insurrection. Men felt that the despotic policy which had guided the Italian sovereigns ever since the treaty of Vienna, could no longer be endured; and in spite of the vigor displayed in checking all discussion or inquiry, and in punishing every desire for innovation, it was plain that a great crisis was at hand.

The amnesty to all political exiles and prisoners with which the pope inaugurated his reign, the reforms in various departments of the pontifical government by which it was followed up arrested the impending outbreak. The Grand Duke of Tuscany and the King of Sardinia speedily followed his example; and the peaceful regeneration of Italy was confidently expected. But while its central populations were thus benefited, their brethren in the northern and southern states were denied the smallest concessions. In Lombardy and the Two Sicilies, every manifestation of enthusiasm for the pope, or approval of his measures, was strictly forbidden. At the moment when all Europe rang with his praises, it was a crime at Naples to possess his picture.

The prince who had authorized a political catechism for the lower orders which taught that "Liberals, even if not all equally wicked, followed the same road and reached the same prison;" and that "the king was free not to keep his oath to a constitution;" could scarcely survey with equanimity the startling transactions at his very frontiers. Encouraged by the Austrian ambassador, Prince Felix Schwarzenberg, in his anger and distrust, Ferdinand refused to make the most trifling modifications in the government; and imposed silence by an ominous frown upon his ministers if they ventured to hint at the threatening aspect of affairs. But notwithstanding the vigilance of the police, and the interdiction of newspapers, the contagion reached his people. Whatever passed in the three reformed states was known and rapturously commented on, in every part of his dominions.

Sicily began to revive her claims to the constitution of 1812, trusting that England, who had warmly applauded the Liberal movement in the Peninsula, would not fail to back her representations; whilst from clandestine presses, both at Naples and Palermo, issued numbers of petitions and addresses setting forth the common grievances, yet so temperately couched that they left to the sovereign the privilege of transforming into an act of grace that which was clearly but a fulfilment of justice. But Ferdinand was inflexible. In the energetic words of Thiers, "when his people pressed around him, he showed them the point of his sword." Insurrectionary movements in Messina and Calabria, in August, 1847, though solely undertaken by a few inexperienced youths, in defiance of the restraining influence of the chiefs of the Liberal party, were visited with unsparing severity, and a fresh page was added to the blood-stained records of Sicilian and Neapolitan political martyrology.

In the seventeen years that Ferdinand had occupied the throne, no less than six attempts at revolution in one or the other of the Sicilies had been similarly overcome. But the repression of the seventh was not attended with the results the government had previously witnessed. Instead of universal prostration, it everywhere was met by a steady confidence in the triumph of a cause which could now claim the Head of the Church as its champion, and an unwonted unity of aims and endeavors. Hereditary animosities seemed forgotten in the passionate desire for national emancipation; and the leading patriots on both sides of the Straits obeyed in concert the directions of the wise and moderate reformers in North Italy—Gioberti, Azeglio, Balbo, Cavour—who conjured them to preserve its legal character to the Italian movement; while the entreaties of the pope, the Duke of Tuscany, and Charles Albert seconded his subjects' last appeal to Ferdinand. The odium of the king's obduracy was thrown upon the Jesuit Coclé, his confessor; and the people, in the vast gathering with which every fresh concession in other parts of Italy was celebrated, and which the police was impotent to restrain, were taught to couple their sovereign's name with their acclamations for liberty and the three popular Italian princes.

Determined to leave no means of conciliation untried, the Sicilians persevered in the path traced out to them; and in the concluding weeks of 1847, Palermo, by its loyal and orderly demonstrations in the squares and theatres, gave the king a conclusive proof of the moderation of those whom his own obstinacy converted into rebels. Blindly infuriated, the Neapolitan court ascribed this

long suffering to fear, and dealt with these pacific appeals as with those of a more audacious character. Many persons of rank and standing in Palermo and other parts of the island were arrested, and the garrisons everywhere reinforced.

Then it was that the Sicilians deemed the time was come for the last terrible protest of the oppressed and betrayed. On the 9th of January, 1848, appeared posted in all the streets of Palermo that singular cartel of defiance, in which, as if scorning to take the advantage of surprise, the inhabitants, without arms, without recognized leaders, without any preconceived plan of action, apprised a garrison of eight thousand troops of the day and hour fixed for their revolt. This document, the harbinger of the most brilliant episode in Sicilian annals, was thus worded: "Sicilians! The time for prayer has passed. Vain have been our protests, our supplications, our pacific demonstrations. Ferdinand has alike despised them all. And shall we, freeborn—reduced to chains and misery—any longer delay the reconquest of our legitimate rights? To arms, sons of Sicily! At dawn, on the 12th of January, 1848, the glorious epoch of our regeneration will commence. Palermo will receive with transport whatever citizens repair to her in arms to sustain the common cause, and obtain reforms and institutions conformable to the progress of the age, and desired by Europe, by Italy, by Pius IX. Sicilians, to arms!" Believing this to be the mere bravado of a faction, the military authorities caused eleven of the principal nobles and citizens, who had been most conspicuous in advocating the recent temperate manifestations, to be seized and conveyed to the citadel. But, far from intimidating the people, this gave them the final impetus; and amid breathless expectation, earnest prayers, and kindling hopes, all Palermo watched for the breaking of the day which was to usher in a brief but splendid season of independence.

A royal salute from the fortress and the shipping in the harbor announced the dawn. It was the thirty-eighth anniversary of the birth of Ferdinand II. De Majo, the royal lieutenant, had not been unmindful of precautions against surprise. Strong detachments of soldiers and gendarmes occupied two of the principal squares, that of the police directory, and the palace, where all the chief public functionaries had assembled; the rest of the forces, under arms, were at their usual quarters. Notwithstanding the early hour, the populace already filled the streets, swaying hither and thither in restless anxiety, waiting for the outbreak that had been predicted, for the deliverers by whom they were to be set free. Unconscious

conspirators in this revolution without a plot, they knew not that its development mainly rested with themselves. Two or three priests, with crucifixes in their hands, threading their way through the agitated crowds, exhorting all to rise in vindication of their outraged rights; a woman distributing tri-colored cockades; lastly, a handful of young men, not more than forty of whom could boast of fire-arms, raising cries for liberty, and calling on whoever loved Sicily to join them; such were the sole preparations for the momentous struggle. Before a shot had been fired, an incident occurred, which, by exciting the religious ardor of the insurgents, powerfully contributed to their success. The tinkling of a bell, a cloud of incense, betokened the approach of the Vaticum, borne along with the usual solemnities to the bedside of some departing penitent. At this sight, the people fell on their knees in awestruck silence. The priest stopped, and raising on high the Host, invoked on the future combatants a fervent benediction. A wild cry of enthusiasm responded to his prayer, and springing to their feet, they rushed onward to confront the advancing Neapolitans.

The cavalry were ordered to charge the rioters. The little band stood firm, received their fire, and then drove them back with a headlong fury which may be said to have decided the Palermitan insurrection. Axes or hammers hastily tied on poles, knives, rusty sabres, old fowling-pieces, whatever had escaped the vigilance of the police and the severity of martial law, were lowered from the windows of the houses overlooking the conflict. The bells of two convent churches pealed forth the call to arms, and the roar of the fast-increasing multitude echoed back the summons. The troops charged again, and were again repulsed. Worst of in several skirmishes, at the close of night they retreated to their former positions, and the city, as if by enchantment, flashed up into a blaze of illumination. In every window, in every balcony, lights were spontaneously displayed—the stateliest palace, the meanest hovel, exhibited the same tokens of rejoicing and defiance, and every roof and terrace were tenanted by exulting groups of women and children, clapping their hands and filling the air with their acclamations of “Long live the Constitution and Pius IX.”

Discouraged by this unanimous manifestation, the Neapolitans suffered the night to pass without renewing the attack. Each hour of delay for the Palermitans was an incalculable gain. A committee of temporary government was formed, amongst which were the principal nobles of the city, headed by the venerable Ruggiero Settimo, whose

name no Sicilian can pronounce without emotions of gratitude and affection. This nobleman, of the illustrious house of the princes of Fitalia, endeared to his countrymen by a long life of virtue and beneficence, and honored as the last survivor of the Constitutionalists of 1812, had consistently rejected all favor or dignity from the court of Naples since the violation of its engagements towards Sicily. Undeterred by his advanced age, he now came forward to identify himself with the popular cause. All night long the committee was at its labors; such of the insurgents as had fire-arms keeping watch against surprise. Addresses and proclamations to all parts of the country were written and despatched; and with the morning of the 13th, bands of peasants came flocking in. Their numbers were now raised to three hundred men effectively armed, and three hundred more with scythes and such like implements.

With this force the Neapolitans were now encountered at various points, and the police stations, abhorrent to the people, from the cruelties inflicted within their walls, were assailed and carried, as well as the military hospital. The humanity which was to form so distinguished a characteristic of the Sicilian Revolution here first displayed itself in the treatment of the prisoners, towards whom, with every incitement to revenge that license and arrogance could furnish, these undisciplined multitudes showed a courtesy and forbearance worthy of chivalry's best times. The moment the Neapolitans ceased to fight for Ferdinand, they ceased to be the Sicilians' enemies, and conducted beyond the reach of the fire which the forts had opened on the town, were lodged and tended with the utmost solicitude.

The hesitation of De Majo, in limiting himself for the next two days to the defensive, while he awaited instructions and reinforcements from Naples, was turned to good account by the provisional government in preparing for more active hostilities. Hospitals were fitted up for the wounded; measures concerted for supplying the town with provisions; every nerve strained to procure arms and ammunition. It was their deficiency in gunpowder especially which weighed most heavily upon those now entrusted with the direction of the revolt. The scanty supplies which reached them from the adjacent country, and all that their own chemists could manufacture, were totally inadequate to what was required. While every musket wrested from a Neapolitan gave a soldier to the insurgents; while bands of outlaws, raised by love of country above their former selves, came to shed their blood for Sicilian liberty; while large donations of money and

valuable from all classes, including the religious bodies, poured unsolicited into the national treasury; the members of the committee whispered gloomily to each other that twelve hours' hard fighting would see their stock of powder exhausted.

On the evening of the 15th, a fleet, commanded by the king's brother, the Count of Aquila, bringing five thousand troops, under General Desauget, entered the harbor. The bombardment which had been suspended for forty-eight hours, was at once recommenced, the fire being particularly directed against the building where the provisional government had established itself. Many shells were exploded in its vicinity, but Ruggiero Settimo refused to quit his post, or to listen to the arguments of the foreign consuls, who, representing the utter hopelessness of the struggle, offered their mediation to obtain the king's clemency to the rebels. The old man's reply was Spartan-like: "Sicily claimed the restitution of her ancient freedom. False, perjured, and rebellious was Ferdinand II., not the Sicilian people."

Scarcely had it been despatched when the newly arrived reinforcements advanced at two separate points upon the town, designing to effect a junction with De Majo; but though seconded by a continuous fire from the citadel, after a sharp conflict of three hours, were driven back in disorder. His own troops equally worsted in a skirmish on the following day, the royal lieutenant reluctantly brought himself to demand the conditions upon which the Palermitans would return to their allegiance. It was then that the provisional government drew up the celebrated declaration which embodied the aim of the national rising, and to which ever afterwards it unwaveringly adhered: "The people will not lay aside their arms, nor suspend hostilities, until Sicily, represented by a general parliament in Palermo, shall have adapted to the present times that constitution which for many centuries she has possessed, and which was reformed under the guarantee of Great Britain in 1812."

These terms being found inadmissible, the partial combats of the previous day were resumed, and always with the same result, a large number of prisoners remaining in the hands of the insurgents, and what was of more moment, some pieces of artillery and stores of powder, the last, however, in no degree proportioned to their wants. The royal troops were successively dislodged from upwards of twenty strong positions, till the palace where De Majo had entrenched himself, with the massive buildings which protected its approaches, was all that remained to the Neapolitans in the interior of the city.

Meantime, a steamer arrived with over-

tures from the king. On the 18th of January, Ferdinand, aroused to the importance of the Sicilian insurrection, and alarmed at the increasing excitement in Naples, in haste and terror had published some measures of reform, such as would have been received with rapture a few days earlier. But he had let the right time go by. His concessions were now inadequate to satisfy the Neapolitans, far less the Sicilians, who had deeper arrears of wrong to be made up to them. The angry cry, "It is too late!" raised in his own capital, was re-echoed with greater vehemence and bitterness in Palermo, and the provisional government, repeating its former *sine quâ non* of submission, called upon the people to drive De Majo from his stronghold.

It was the 25th of January, as on the first day the church bells sounded the tocsin, and women, regardless of the shells falling on all sides, applauded the assailants from their balconies. In the teeth of a vigorous cannonade from the two bastions which flanked the palace, sweeping the entire square, and the Cassaro, the main street of Palermo, as well as the citadel's continuous fire, they came on exulting to the charge. The battle raged all day. Whatever their previous shortcomings, De Majo's troops now offered a really obstinate resistance. It was near midnight, when beaten back into the palace, they ceased to fire, leaving their positions on either hand to the Palermitans, who, in full confidence of a final victory on the morrow, flung themselves down for a few hours' repose. But the consternation of their leaders was indescribable on ascertaining that all their gunpowder was consumed. Concealing this from the people, the members of the government were assembled in anxious consultation, when intelligence was breathlessly conveyed to them which changed the whole aspect of affairs. Seldom have men known so sudden a transition from despondency to triumph. The Neapolitans were gone.

Seized with a disgraceful panic, De Majo had counted, under cover of the darkness, on retiring unperceived by the city gates in his rear; but the insurgents, rushing forth tumultuously in pursuit, arms and baggage were at once thrown away, and the retreat converted into a rout. The forces with which the crest-fallen royal lieutenant reached Desauget's encampment were reduced to nearly half their original number; and by their reports of the danger to which they had been exposed, spread their own fears and discouragement throughout the remaining troops. Desauget, though reported one of the best generals in the service, was not proof to the contagion, and on the 28th, dis-

heartened at finding his communications with the fleet, on which he had always reckoned to support his operations, had been cut off, determined on a general retreat by night, by the circuitous route at the foot of the mountains which girdle the luxuriant plain of Palermo. His heavy artillery was thrown into the sea, and the gates of the arsenal and prison, in which the galley-slaves and other felons were confined, having been set open, Desauget commenced his march. This last exercise of Neapolitan authority cast loose between five and six thousand of the most desperate characters upon the city—a parting token of hatred and vindictiveness, which, for the court of Naples, had a traditional sanction. In 1799 a similar expedient was resorted to by Queen Caroline, to punish Naples for having too readily allowed the establishment of a republic, and murder and outrage were indiscriminately inflicted by the liberated galley-slaves of Ponza, willing instruments of royal retribution. In 1848, the same system was pursued in every part of Sicily. The Neapolitans invariably unbarred the prisons in all the towns they evacuated, and in some instances, put arms into the hands of their recent occupants.

At first, however this fiendlike policy failed to take effect. The miserable and spectre-like wretches who crowded into Palermo in the gray dawn, to the terror of the inhabitants, only asked for bread to appease the cravings which the neglect of their gaolers had suffered to reach the verge of starvation, and then besought permission to join the defenders of their country; and for a while the solemn vows of subordination and honesty which accompanied this demand were maintained with singular fidelity. Many fought with great bravery, and sealed their sincerity with their lives; but when the incentive of present danger and military glory passed away, the greater part returned to their former lawless habits, and augmented by the refuse of the other prisons in the island, and those of Naples, designedly sent over became a fruitful source of disorder and reproach.

Desauget's retreating army left desolation in its wake. Vineyards, gardens, palaces, the humbler dwellings of the peasantry, were indiscriminately wasted, burnt, or pillaged. Many of their inhabitants, the aged and infirm, who, confiding in their helplessness, had not fled at the approach of the Neapolitans, were murdered and their heads paraded on the soldiers' bayonets. Ere long, however, the close pursuit of the Palermians, seconded by the infuriated mountaineers, who cut off their stragglers, and hurled stones from steep crags upon them, brought some requital for these barbarities. Now

struggling through woods and precipices, now sinking knee-deep in newly ploughed fields, which torrents of rain had converted into swamps, their light artillery, baggage, and wounded, successively abandoned, it was not till the third day that they reached the Gulf of Solanto, about thirty miles east of Palermo, whither the Neapolitan fleet had repaired to await them. The embarkation took place during the night; and the rising sun, on the 31st of January, lit up a beach strewn with carts, arms, knapsacks, and the carcasses of several hundred horses, killed to avoid the delay of their removal; while the horizon was veiled with the smoke of the steamers bearing away to Ferdinand the relics of the force on which he had counted for the reconquest and chastisement of Palermo.

The discomfiture of the royal troops was not confined to the Sicilian capital. Like the fiery cross of the Highland clans, the tricolored flag, borne to all parts of the island by emissaries from the provisional government, had aroused the populations to prompt and vigorous action. By this time all Sicily was insurgent, and with one exception, victorious. Catania, Trapani, Milazzo, besides other towns of less note, sustained a bloody struggle before driving out their detested garrisons. In Girgenti and Caltanissetta, the Neapolitans laid down their arms without striking a blow. Messina no sooner learned the rising of the 12th, than braving a garrison of nearly five thousand men, and the formidable citadel with which her history will evermore be associated, she declared for the national cause. Before the end of February the troops were dislodged from their entrenched barracks, the arsenal, and various fortifications, and had taken refuge in the citadel, drawing up the bridges which connected it with the mainland. This celebrated fortress which the Neapolitan kings had spared no outlay to render impregnable, stands on a scythelike projection of land, stretching far across the mouth of the harbor and then curving inwards, commands the full range of the town. Ever since the outbreak of hostilities it had not ceased to spread flames and destruction upon this wealthy and beautiful commercial emporium. These bombardments, whence Ferdinand derived the surname with which all the world is familiar, varied in intensity, but were never entirely suspended, notwithstanding that from the beginning of February negotiations for peace were going on between the court of Naples and Palermo. A day's respite would be succeeded by a furious cannonade. Between the 25th and 26th of February, for example, two thousand shells were thrown, and amongst other damages, some warehouses in the Porto Franco, the

custom-house dépôt for foreign merchandise, set on fire. But no representations could induce the commandant of the citadel to grant twenty-four hours' truce for the removal of the most valuable stores, or checking the conflagration; and several millions' worth of property was thus consumed. To silence this deadly antagonist was the ardent desire of the insurgents. Even to attempt such an enterprise was heroic. Three hundred pieces of ordnance bristled on its ramparts; and masters of the approaches by sea, the garrison had nothing to fear from a blockade. The Messinese, on their side, had only twenty-four cannon of heavy calibre, captured from the Neapolitans, with which they manned three batteries, constructed under the direction of two young artillery officers from Palermo. Undaunted by this tremendous disproportion, on the 6th of March they assumed the defensive; the first shot fired from the town being the signal for an enthusiastic demonstration on the part of all classes of the population, reckless of the danger and suffering which, whether victorious or defeated, the conflict would bring upon them. The first day the garrison threw five thousand shells. The next their fire had somewhat slackened, and the flames were seen bursting from various parts of the citadel. The third might have witnessed the final triumph of the Sicilians, had not their ammunition been expended. This deficiency was kept a profound secret, and fortune yet seemed on their side when the next morning brought proposals for an armistice from the enemy, with the intimation that the king had acceded to the demands of the committee of government at Palermo, that the English ambassador, Lord Minto, had himself conveyed thither the welcome announcement. It only therefore remained to make a merit of necessity and subscribe to the truce.

It is absurd to blame the Messinese, as some writers only superficially acquainted with the facts of the case have seen fit to do, for not effecting that which, under the circumstances, was impracticable; but we cannot acquit the Sicilians at large of undervaluing the dangers inseparable from their failure. Instead of boasting that, except within the citadel of Messina, not a Neapolitan was left on Sicilian ground, it would have been well had they bethought themselves that so long as it remained to Ferdinand, he held the keys of Sicily. Instead of the illuminations, and rejoicings, and thanksgivings, to which the early part of February was devoted in Palermo, it is to be regretted that the provisional government did not gather together all its resources to strike down the white flag of the Bourbons

from their last stronghold. There is no question that if this had been undertaken in the first glow of triumph, and while the Neapolitans were still paralyzed by their multiplied defeats, the Sicilian revolution would have had a different ending.

To the strictures freely passed upon their lamentable apathy, the honest and patriotic men who were then at the head of national affairs, have but one answer to return—they trusted implicitly in England. Despite their past experiences of her political faithlessness, she had no sooner agreed to mediate between them and Ferdinand, than the confidence and gratitude of 1812 were universally restored. Whatever there had been of false or shuffling in her dealings was laid to the charge of Lord Castlereagh and Mr. A'Court. Ruggiero Settimo, who was as an oracle in their councils, spoke with a full heart of Bentinck, the friend of his youth, and the champion of Sicily: and in the sympathizing assurances of the British foreign office, saw the revival of the spirit which had carried the day against Caroline of Austria. As is well known, the constitution bestowed on the 29th of January, by Ferdinand, on his subjects on both sides of the Straits, was unanimously rejected by the Sicilians as an inadequate substitute for their charter of 1812, the unconditional restitution of which they persisted in demanding. A second time, the angry cry, "It is too late!" filled the streets of Palermo. These reluctant concessions to a victorious revolution had lost all the grace of spontaneity, and were justly considered as extorted by the terror of an insurrection at Naples, where the population on learning the continued successes of the Sicilians had assumed an alarming attitude. Too dastardly to raise a finger to oppose the departure of Desauget's expedition, the Neapolitans were now ready enough to profit by the Sicilians' victory, and to rail upon them for refusing to accept as a gift from the royal munificence, less than that which was rightfully their own.

Then it was that differing in every thing else, the king and the provisional government agreed in soliciting the friendly offices of England. The request was granted, and the Earl of Minto, at that time in Rome, on his mission of exhorting the Italian princes to reform, and the Italian people to moderation, was transferred to Naples. How the mediator fared between a prince, whose only object was to temporize, and to whom the very name of the Sicilian constitution of 1812 was distasteful; * and a people whose deadly but too well-founded mistrust saw no safeguard for their reconquered privileges

* Lord Napier to Viscount Palmerston, 3d of February, 1848.

save in its unqualified restoration; is duly recorded in the dreary pages of the Blue Book. Few Englishmen we suspect are familiar with the long and perplexing correspondence on the affairs of Sicily therein embalmed; whereas Italian writers have only too successfully searched them for fresh evidence of England's favor in sunshine, and abandonment in the storm. Allowed on all sides to have been thoroughly sincere in his advocacy of Sicilian liberty, Lord Minto's partiality was perhaps a bar to his successful intervention. His strongly expressed sympathies misled the insurgents as to the lengths to which his government would go on their behalf, supported as they were by the declarations of Lord Napier, the resident British minister at Naples. Even before the 29th of January, this diplomatist had not hesitated to warn the Neapolitan court that he had no hope of proving useful, unless the constitution of 1812 were given back to the Sicilians; * and when Lord Minto, on his arrival early in February, laid down the same basis for his negotiations, they may be pardoned for believing that England would not a second time support their pretensions only to leave them in deeper abasement.

At the opening of his mission, and while the envoy labored to demonstrate the vital necessity of securing peace before the revolutionary spirit had time to spread in Italy, the king's religious respect for the sanctity of treaties was adduced as an insuperable obstacle to the claims of Sicily. His conscience forbade him to violate the 104th article of the treaty of Vienna, which clearly established the union of the two portions of his state, and interdicted him from separating their form of government. To these objections it was argued that the article in question simply confirmed the restoration of Kings Ferdinand III. and IV. to the throne of Naples; but that the change of title from King of the Two Sicilies, to King of the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies, implied no fusion of political institutions. Had this been contemplated, the representative form of government in Sicily would either have been extended to Naples on the sovereign's resumption of his authority beyond the Straits, or formally and openly abolished. Far from this, however, not a single public act, then or subsequently, indicated the slightest modification in the purely monarchical system of Naples; while, on the other hand, there were irrefragable proofs that the Sicilian constitution still subsisted, and was recognized by the royal decrees of 1816, wherein it was expressly set forth that the

taxes levied in the island should not, *without the consent of parliament*, be raised above a stipulated limit.* This dexterous use of Mr. A'Court's "keystone of British consistency," joined to the rapid spread of the constitutional movement throughout Italy, apparently produced the desired result, and Lord Minto wrote sanguinely to Palermo, that all was progressing favorably. But the very day following that on which he had been authorized to make this communication, the king covered the English ambassador with confusion by publishing the articles of the constitution of the 29th of January, in which—in defiance of the positive refusal of the Sicilians to such an arrangement—one parliament was established for the Two Sicilies, and any reference to the pre-existing institutions of the island sedulously avoided. It was in his remonstrances on this breach of faith, that Lord Minto roundly qualified "the suspension of the constitution of 1812, and the re-establishment of absolute government in Sicily, as an illegal usurpation, which the Sicilians were justified in resisting; adding that, at that moment, according to the strict letter of the law, they had a right to exercise that constitution, and could not be looked upon as rebels to legal authority." †

Intimidated by this language, the ministry hastened to explain that this decree was solely to be applied to Naples, in what regarded the parliament; that a separate parliament was designed for Sicily, and that its ancient rights, and the constitution of 1812, would be referred to in any forthcoming decree for the convocation of the Sicilian parliament. Once more confident that all would go smoothly, Lord Minto transmitted a report of these official rectifications to Palermo; and announced to Lord Palmerston, that the king accepted his conditions. Scarcely, however, had his despatches left Naples, when the king's scruples relating to the 104th article of the treaty of Vienna revived, and a fresh memorandum was drawn up, much more restricted in its application, ignoring the island's previous representative polity, and describing the measures about to be introduced as *springing from the spontaneous goodness of the king*. In vain did the harassed mediator forewarn the ministry, that this last step would only generate aversion, and retard any chance of an accommodation. ‡ The suspicions rooted in the Sicilians, and very widely entertained at Naples, at length forced themselves upon his mind; and he

* Lord Napier to the Duke of Serracapriola, Naples, 10th of February, 1848.

† Lord Minto to Viscount Palmerston, 11th of February, 1848.

‡ The Earl of Minto to the Duke of Serracapriola, 17th of February, 1848.

* Lord Napier to Viscount Palmerston, 27th of January, 1848.

confessed to the belief that there was no serious intention on the part of the court to come to a friendly understanding, and that all that was doing was solely to gain time to prepare for hostilities, or to procure an Austrian intervention.* The almost continuous bombardment of Messina might have been cited to corroborate the first part of this assertion. It is not likely that a prince, honestly desirous of a peaceful adjustment, would have permitted the citadel to keep on harassing this town, while he was treating with the provisional government. No credit was ever attached to the assertion, that repeated orders had been sent to the commandant to desist. The excuse was too transparent when a few hours would have sufficed to transmit more peremptory commands, or summon the recusant to account for their evasion.

At this juncture a fresh cause of irritation was furnished to the Sicilians, by the discovery that royal emissaries were dispersed over the island to promote internal disorders, and endeavor to stifle liberty in anarchy. In order to ward off this danger, by giving a more settled form to the government, Ruggiero Settimo and his colleagues now intimated that they must convoke the parliament according to the law of 1812, and the elections were at once set on foot. The king, dreading lest the first act of the chambers should be to pronounce his deposition—in imitation of the hateful example set by England in 1688, with which the insurgents were distractingly familiar—once more professed himself amenable to Lord Minto's arguments. But they speedily came to issue on a question which the Sicilians considered indispensable to carry out the spirit of the constitution of 1812. This was the stipulation that no Neapolitan troops should be stationed in the island without the authority of the Sicilian parliament: a contingency not specially provided for in 1812, as Naples, at that time, no longer formed part of the royal dominions. Unreasonable and extravagant as this demand appears, it had a traditional precedent,—not even Spain had placed foreign garrisons in Sicily,—and furthermore it was justified, according to Lord Minto's own admission, by their experience of their Bourbon princes, and the undeniable fact that nothing existed in the character or conduct of the actual government to entitle it to confidence.†

Vainly, however, did Lord Minto urge the king to yield,—to remove the last obstacle to the pacification of his states, put an end to a sanguinary struggle, and secure to him-

self the love and confidence of his people.* Ferdinand was inflexible, until the intelligence of the French Revolution, the flight of his uncle, Louis Philippe, and the proclamation of the republic, fell on him like a thunderbolt. A cabinet council was at once summoned, at which Lord Minto was invited to take part. After a discussion of eight hours, his recommendation that the king should place himself at the head of the Sicilian constitution by *legalizing* the parliament about to open at Palermo, was adopted. Six articles, called the concessions of the 6th March, were drawn up and consigned to him as the royal *ultimatum*. In every respect but one they were ample enough to satisfy the most exacting.

The king recognized the statute of 1812 by adopting, as his own, the provisional government's act of convocation, based upon it, merely adding these words, "the entirety of the monarchy still remaining vested in the single person of the king;" named Ruggiero Settimo royal-lieutenant in Sicily, with authority to open the chambers on the 25th of March. Appointed the Prince of Butera, the Marquis Torre Arsa, Pasquale Calvi, and Mariano Stabile—members of the provisional government—as his ministers; and Gaetano Scovazzo, a Sicilian, but lately in the Neapolitan cabinet, as resident minister at Naples for Sicilian affairs. Prescribed the oath to be taken to the constitution; and lastly, in the clause that "the two parliaments of Naples and Sicily would come to an understanding on all that regarded their common interests," left a wide margin, so Lord Minto flattered himself, for settling the momentous question of the army. Unfortunately, at the council he had forborne to insist again upon it, and even allowed it to remain in silence,† under the delusion, it is conjectured, that it would gratify the king to have the faculty of bestowing this crowning concession as of his own free will.

Lord Minto was himself the bearer of these decrees to Palermo. But the provisional government had no sooner learnt that they left the condition respecting the army unfulfilled, than they were unanimously rejected as "opposed to the constitution of 1812." To preserve the union of the two crowns now became his sole object; and professing that he had *carte blanche* from the king to treat on his behalf, he invited the insurgents to entrust him with their propositions. Not without a struggle in the council-room, not without a threatening of commotion in the city, were these last overtures determined

* The Earl of Minto to Lord Mount Edgcombe, 22nd of February, 1848.

† Lord Minto to Viscount Palmerston, 1st of March, 1848.

* Lord Minto to the Duke of Serracapriola, 26th of February, 1848.

† Lord Minto to Viscount Palmerston, 7th of March, 1848.

on. The intensity of the hatred felt against Ferdinand by all classes made a deep impression on Lord Minto; and believing that in the actual state of Europe they had nothing to fear from a foreign intervention, he ascribed his success in inducing the provisional government "to accept the sovereignty of a man so universally detested," to the desire of maintaining the friendship and protection of England which possessed all the leading Sicilians.* He professed himself satisfied with the terms submitted to him, and promised that before twice twenty-four hours they would be accepted by the king of Naples. But he had either overstepped his instructions, or was the dupe of Ferdinand. Four, eight, ten days passed without the expected ratification; and when at length, on the 24th of March, a royal steamer appeared before Palermo, it was to convey a positive refusal from the king, and a protest against any act which might henceforth take place in Sicily. The die was now cast. After a fruitless attempt to induce Ferdinand to cede the crown of Sicily to one of his children, Lord Minto renounced all further arbitration, proffering in his farewell letter to the Sicilians the earnest recommendation that they would not suffer themselves to fall into the calamities of a republic.

Our fast narrowing limits forbid us to dwell on the transactions in Sicily which followed the breaking off of the mediation, further than is requisite to elucidate the proceedings of England. On the 25th of March the parliament opened. It was no turbulent or revolutionary assembly. Archbishops, bishops, mitred abbots, peers whose ancestors seven centuries back had sat in the *magna curia* of Roger II. composed its upper chamber. The commons had been elected from the younger branches of the nobility, the general body of the clergy, professors of the universities, and landowners. On this solemn occasion both bodies were gathered in the vast church of St. Dominic, where Ruggiero Settimo presented himself before them at the head of the members of the provisional government, and in presence of an immense concourse of spectators of every degree. The venerable old man, loved and revered by the Sicilians in his simplicity and rectitude as the personification of their revolution, now read aloud a statement of the labors of himself and his colleagues from the day on which they had been called to power; then in his and their names delivered up that power to the parliament. Its first and unanimous act was to invest him with the regency or presidentship of the kingdom; its second, on the 13th of April,

* Lord Minto to Viscount Palmerston. Despatches of 14th and 18th of March, 1848.

to proclaim Ferdinand's deposition,—an announcement celebrated for three days all over the island with the most fervent rejoicings.

Public opinion in England did not condemn this exultation as ungrounded. No moment ever seemed more propitious for the assertion of independence. Men believed that the knell of despotism had sounded. The French Revolution had given an electric shock to Germany; Berlin and Vienna were in revolt. Italy leaped up as a giant from sleep; Milan and Venice drove the Austrians from their walls; and Charles Albert, crossing the Ticino, was already victorious at Pastrengo. The call to arms echoed to the furthest limits of the peninsula; even Ferdinand of Bourbon was compelled to yield to popular ferment, and sullenly consented to furnish a contingent of 20,000 men to the national war in Lombardy. The flower of the royal forces thus employed, Sicily had no cause to apprehend a Neapolitan invasion; and England's only anxiety was, lest intoxicated by the sudden acquisition of liberty, her people should renounce constitutional monarchy, give a fatal example to the rest of Italy, and an undue predominance to France, by adopting a republican form of government. As early as the 6th of April, before the Sicilian parliament had voted the forfeiture of the crown of Sicily by Ferdinand and his heirs, we find that Lord Napier had communicated to Lord Palmerston his ideas relative to the election of a new king, a member of the House of Savoy, and of the necessity of hastening this measure to forestall the proclamation of the republic.* Very shortly afterwards, Lord Palmerston, as if to rivet his claims to have a paramount influence in the affairs of Sicily by his warm patronage of her rights, made a declaration to the Neapolitan cabinet which did not fail to travel across the Straits. It having come to the knowledge of the Foreign Office that the king of Naples counted on a general war, and a renewal of the Holy Alliance to reduce Sicily to obedience by force of arms, Lord Palmerston formally disavowed any such intention as far as the British government was concerned. The treaty of Vienna, he contended, did not contain any guarantee of the union of Sicily and Naples. "If there was any moral obligation resting upon England in the matter, it would rather be in favor of the constitution of 1812, which was established in Sicily under British influence."[†]

The Sicilians, meanwhile, showed no dispo-

* Lord Napier to Viscount Palmerston, 6th of April, 1848.

[†] Despatch to Prince of Castelcicala, 10th of April, 1849.

sition to run into the excesses so dreaded by their English friends. The parliament was steadily bent on calling an Italian prince to the vacant throne, as soon as it had completed its adaptation of the constitution to the wants of the present times. Its choice lay between the Duke of Genoa, second son of Charles Albert, king of Sardinia, and the second son of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, a child only nine years old. The first was most acceptable to England; France would have preferred the election of the latter, but hinted at the same time that the regal title could not be more worthily bestowed than on Ruggiero Settimo. The noble president, however, proof to all the promptings of ambition, dismissed the suggestion as unworthy of a thought. Louis Napoleon offered himself as a candidate, but the addresses circulated by the obscure exile of London failed to secure him a single partisan. Soon after the vote of the 13th of April, commissioners were sent to the pope, the king of Sardinia, and the Grand Duke of Tuscany, to obtain the political recognition of Sicily, with private instructions to investigate the qualifications of the two princes, without manifesting any bias for either; and ascertain which court was most disposed to accept the offer. Their reception from Charles Albert at his head-quarters in Lombardy, in the flush of his early successes, may readily be conceived; though he refrained from all allusion to the approaching election, his repeated and enthusiastic praise of the Sicilian Revolution sufficiently demonstrated no opposition need be apprehended from him should a descendant of Victor Amedeus be invited to reign in Sicily. The grand duke was equally cordial. Leopold apparently forgave a revolution which had taken a crown from his brother-in-law, in the hope that it might rest on the brow of his son. His ministers promised to act in concert with Piedmont for the speedy recognition of the new state. The language held by Pius IX. to the deputation has often been quoted as a proof of profound duplicity or pitiable weakness. He excused himself for not taking the initiative in recognizing Sicilian independence, on the plea of his vicinity to Naples; but promised to follow in the wake of other governments. He praised the humanity and generosity of the revolution, admitted its justice, and censured the conduct of the king of Naples. When asked for some token of his sympathy and adhesion, he answered, "What better token do you desire than this? I receive you, I embrace you, I bless you, and with you the whole of Sicily." Six months later, his hands were uplifted to invoke a blessing on the banners of Ferdinand, dyed in Sicilian blood.

But no foreboding of possible reverses crossed the minds of the Sicilian people. England's solicitude to consolidate their political system attested her belief in its durability. At the beginning of May, Sir Ralph Abercromby, British minister at Turin, was instructed to give assurance to that court, that should the Duke of Genoa accept the crown, he would be recognized as king of Sicily as soon as he entered into possession.* At the same time a copy of this despatch was forwarded to Mr. Goodwin, the consul-general at Palermo, evidently with the intention it should at once, be non-officially communicated to the president; unused, however to such diplomatic subtleties, this functionary awaited more positive instructions. It was not therefore till the 9th of June that he presented himself to Ruggiero Settimo, authorized to state that Great Britain would recognize the new king of Sicily when in possession of his throne, and adding, that a similar declaration, in the contemplation of the Duke of Genoa's election had been made to the court of Turin. Coming as did this communication close upon the events of the 15th of May in Naples—when the king had suffocated in blood the constitution of the 29th of January, and recalled the army still on its march to the seat of war—it acquired peculiar importance. Another fact, yet more significant, speedily transpired. The forces Ferdinand had regained, he was not allowed to employ against Sicily. An English squadron was stationed in the Bay of Naples to prevent the departure of any hostile expedition. Secure under England's ægis, the Sicilian parliament leisurely completed the revision of the legislature, so as to leave nothing indefinite in the statute to be laid before the future king; nor was it until the 11th of July that, without one dissentient vote, Albert Amedeus of Savoy, Duke of Genoa, was called to the most ancient constitutional monarchy in Christendom. The English squadron, under Sir W. Parker, at anchor in the harbor of Palermo, according to the orders of the Foreign Office, now saluted the Sicilian flag; and H.M.S. *Porcupine* conveyed a courier from the Sicilian cabinet to Genoa, to announce the intelligence to the court of Turin. The French squadron before Palermo also joined in this recognition of Sicilian independence; and the war-steamer *Descartes* was the bearer of the deputation charged to make the formal offer of the crown.

The young duke, a gallant soldier and an accomplished prince, was in command of a division of the Piedmontese army, and absent from the royal head-quarters when, on

* Viscount Palmerston to Sir R. Abercromby. Despatch of 4th of May, 1848.

the 21st of July, the deputation presented themselves to Charles Albert. The king promised that he would summon his son on the morrow to his side, to give them an official reception. All indicated a speedy and favorable conclusion. But the morrow never came. The Sardinian lines were surprised at various points by Radetsky, and that series of rapid reverses commenced which ended in the capitulation of Milan, and the total defeat of the Piedmontese. The duke saw himself compelled to renounce all aspirations to the prize so nearly within his grasp, and Sicily awoke from her fatal delusion to find that England, her fancied pillar of strength, was as Egypt of old to all that trusted on her. She had leaned on a bruised reed, and it now pierced her through. The unexpected rout of Charles Albert overthrew all the calculations of the English government. Austria was once more in the ascendant; the king of Naples might rely upon her for help. Any longer openly to support the Sicilians against his authority would be incompatible with the neutrality to which every consideration of honor or consistency was to be subordinate.

At a cabinet council held shortly after the tidings of the armistice between the king of Sardinia and Radetsky reached London, it was decided that the departure of Ferdinand's expedition against the island should no longer be opposed. The very men whose applause had been so freely given to the Sicilian movement, coolly handed over this people, comparatively speaking, unarmed and defenceless—for their blind reliance upon England had rendered them careless of warlike preparations—to the vengeance of Naples. The answer given shortly before the reverses in Lombardy, by Mariano Stabile, one of the Sicilian ministry, to the angry warnings of La Masa, one of the very small minority of public men who, distrusting their powerful ally, advocated more solicitude in military affairs, strikingly exemplifies the boundless confidence that prevailed. "Rest assured," he said, "all will go well. England sustains our rights; not a shot will be fired." It was not thought possible that a nation which eight years before, on a mere question of commercial interests, had sent a fleet to threaten Ferdinand in his own capital, and whose language, in assertion of the Sicilians' claims through all the diplomatic transactions of the spring, had been so dictatorial, would fail in resolution when British honor and consistency were at stake. Even the rumors from Naples did not shake the universal credulity. It was not till the royal armament appeared before Messina that the Sicilians realized to themselves that they were abandoned.

For eight months had this city displayed a courage and endurance to which history as yet has barely done justice. The truce concluded in the month of March ceased with the failure of Lord Minto's mediation; since when, as before, scarce a day or an hour may be said to have passed in which lives were not sacrificed or buildings destroyed by the citadel's fire, though hostilities had not been undertaken against any other portion of the island. On Good Friday, the inhabitants, confiding in the sanctity of the day, thronged the streets, not excepting the most exposed localities, in order to visit the churches. The batteries suddenly opened, and continued firing until nightfall. But the spirit of the Messinese was not to be thus conquered. It grew higher as danger became more familiar, till it was at last common for divine service, or popular assemblages of any description to close with the defiant shout, "Perish Messina, so long as liberty is saved!" They were not false to this terrible invocation. A fierce, despairing resistance was maintained from the 3d to the morning of the 7th of September, notwithstanding the combined fire of the citadel and the Neapolitan fleet* caused havoc such as beggars all description. Their ammunition failed at last, and their batteries ceased to return the enemy's fire; nevertheless, General Filangieri kept up the bombardment for eight hours longer, while the royal troops forced their way into the city, throwing combustibles in every direction. Unsparing and uncontrolled in their brutal fury and licentiousness, even the sanctuary of the churches was violated. Women were dishonored on the altar steps; the blood of gray-haired priests mingled with the sacrifice. Three days of pillage and flames inaugurated the royal victory, during which, strict in their observance of neutrality, the English and French ships of war belonging to the squadron, which two months before had saluted the election of the king of Sicily at Palermo, passively witnessed the almost total destruction of this beautiful city. It was not till after two miles' extent of buildings, comprehending the most sumptuous palaces and churches, had been burnt down; not till scarcely one house was left uninjured, that, on the 10th of September, their commanders called upon General Filangieri, in the name of humanity, to desist from this war of extermination. When these details became known, even diplomacy could not stifle a sense of horror at their enormity. An armistice was proposed to Ferdinand by England

* Consisting of three sailing frigates, thirteen steam frigates and corvettes, twenty gun-boats, and forty transports. The land forces amounted to 24,000 men.

and France, and a few months' respite secured for the rest of the island.

We must hurry over the remainder of our narrative. In truth little remains to be told. The bombardment of Messina was the catastrophe of the Sicilian revolution, although the negotiations for peace carried on conjointly by the two Western powers through the ensuing autumn and winter, revived fallacious hopes in Sicily. Their interference in Greece, in 1827, also in the name of humanity, and the independence they established there, were encouraging precedents. Commissioners from the Palermitan government were sent to London and Paris, and their correspondence for the first two or three months shows that both Cavaignac and Lord Palmerston were lavish of professions. The latter spoke confidently of obtaining, in concert with the French Republic, the terms which Ferdinand had refused to Lord Minto—the crown of Sicily to the king of Naples—but the parliament, the administration, and the army, entirely Sicilian.* So far was their protection carried, that when the king, complaining he was coerced, threatened an immediate renewal of hostilities, instructions were sent to the English and French ships of war in the Sicilian waters to use force if necessary to keep them off an attack upon the island. But the sympathies of France narrowed when Louis Napoleon became president, in December. Wounded vanity at the rejection of his suit for the Sicilian throne probably had a share in this change of policy; it is certain that to the commissioners he was personally discourteous. Accustomed to have constant access to Cavaignac, three times consecutively were they denied an audience by his successor. Russia, meanwhile, came forward to sustain the king of Naples; and England, fearful of embroiling herself with the northern powers, or of incurring the suspicions of France, jealous of her being more strenuous in advocating liberty than herself, rapidly lowered her tone, till the Foreign Secretary's despatches became almost servile in their explanations and apologies. We see her uncertain, pusillanimous, vacillating, until finally relinquishing all previous stipulations, hand in hand with the government which was planning the restoration of the pope, she announces the Statute of Gaeta to the Sicilians as the *ne plus ultra* of royal magnanimity.

Restricted as were these concessions, being far less liberal than those proffered a twelvemonth before as the decrees of March, had they emanated from a prince of less confirmed faithlessness, the Sicilians, under the altered aspect of European politics, might

* Viscount Palmerston to the Marquis of Normandy, 22nd of Sept., 1849.

have been taxed with temerity in their rejection. But as they left the king master of garrisoning the island with Neapolitan troops, of imposing restrictive laws on the press, and of carrying the taxation to any extent he judged expedient, without the shadow of a guarantee on the part of the two mediators against a repetition of past abuses, or of the tragedy recently enacted at Naples; and, moreover, as Ruggiero Settimo, the Prince of Butera, the Marquis Torre Arsa, Mariano Stabile, and forty other of their most eminent public men, were excluded from the promised amnesty, there was but one voice in the parliament as to the answer to be returned to Mr. Temple and M. de Rayneval, when they presented the *ultimatum*. It was better to fall than yield. This feeling was shared by all classes. In many parts of the island the population tore down the royal proclamation which the English and French ministers had caused to be largely distributed, and posted up; and threatened to punish as a traitor whoever advocated the king's proposals.

Ferdinand, who had long chafed at the restraint imposed upon him, now summarily broke off the armistice. Filangieri, Prince of Satriano, was sent to complete the work he had so well begun. Making Messina his basis of operations, he advanced with 16,000 men along the sea-coast, against Catania, supported by a large fleet. The Sicilians had of late been doing their best to repair the errors of the summer, and organize an army; but armies cannot be extemporized. Under the most prosperous circumstances the task would have been a difficult one, for in Sicily no nucleus existed of a regular force. The invincible repugnance of the people to serve under Naples, had made the government aware that to compel them to be soldiers was only to train them into formidable enemies. Unfortunately, they had been for many years exempted from the conscription; and the masses, ardent in a conflict of twenty days, unflinching under a fire of eight months, too soon proved that they had little notion of military submission. Six hundred young men, the flower of the country, the heroes and leaders of the early days of the insurrection, had early been lost to the national cause. After the royalist reaction of the 15th of May in Naples, a handful of Liberals rallied in Calabria, and invited the Sicilians to their aid. They went, only to find the insurgents cut to pieces, and the province occupied by a large Neapolitan force. Too few to conquer, too many for concealment, the volunteers seized on some fishing barks, and made for Corfu; but they were intercepted by Neapolitan cruisers under British colors, and the most part captured. The

English government vainly demanded they should be treated as prisoners of war, and set at liberty as a requital of the chivalrous courtesy which had just before prompted the Sicilians to deliver up, unconditionally, between two or three thousand Neapolitans. Ferdinand knew the importance of his prize too well. With some of the master spirits languishing in the fortress of St. Elmo to control them, the Sicilian *Squadre* might have done good service, notwithstanding that a large proportion of the refuse of society was to be found in their ranks, galley slaves and other criminals, cast loose the previous winter by the retreating Neapolitans. Many of these, as we have already stated, deserved well of their country in the fervor of the first struggle, but fell back in inaction and security. The offensings of Naples had also been bestowed by the politic Ferdinand upon Sicily; and enlisting as a means of subsistence, brought confusion instead of aid in the hour of perplexity. Mieroslawski, a Pole commanded the Sicilian army, numbering from 10,000 to 12,000 men; and has left a series of blunders and failures as the memorials of his brief authority. Not above 7,000 could be hastily concentrated between Messina and the enemy's first point of attack; but these, with inexcusable want of judgment, he distributed *en échelon* over fifty miles of Filangieri's line of march, who found it easy to beat them in detail, and spread terror and discouragement before him as he advanced upon Catania. Invested both by sea and land, bombarded nearly from sunrise to sunset, this city made a splendid resistance. It was a noble but a last effort. The intelligence of Charles Albert's defeat at Novara paralyzed Palermo. Every hope bound up in the possibility of his success was crushed. Radetsky's Croats would now be at the disposal of Ferdinand to overrun Sicily, while upon England and upon France she was told to count no further. Filangieri was advancing; the doom of Messina threatened her ancient capital.

At this crisis, the French admiral Baudin interposed, beseeching the Sicilian government to accept his good offices with the king of Naples, and not attempt a suicidal defence. A majority in the parliament and the National Guard consented to his proposal; and three days later the admiral forwarded from Gaeta a note of the conditions promised by the king to himself and M. de Rayneval, adding, that Mr. Temple entirely approved of the course they were pursuing.* As a curious monument of broken faith we here transcribe this document:—

* Despatch dated from the French line-of-battle ship *Jena*, Roads of Gaeta, 18th of April, 1849.

"1. A constitution in conformity with the Act of Gaeta of 28th February, 1849.

"2. The eldest son of the king, or another royal prince, as viceroy; or failing these, some eminent personage.

"3. National Guard for Palermo.

"4. Liberation of the Sicilian prisoners captured in consequence of the events in Calabria, except their leaders, who will be exiled for a given time.

"5. General Amnesty, excepting only the chief and authors of the revolution.

"6. Recognition of the public debt contracted by the revolutionary Government."

Rendered credulous by terror, the advocates of peace caught at these promises, confirmed, as they were, by the agreement that no Neapolitan troops should be quartered within Palermo. Ruggiero Settimo, and the forty-three excluded from royal grace, along with two hundred of the principal actors in the event of the last eighteen months,—not deluded by their present exemption into any reliance on Baudin's assurances of the king's generous intentions,—embarked on French and English vessels on the 25th of April, and entered upon a banishment which for many has already ended in the tomb.

It was not, however, till the 15th of May, that Filangieri, preceded by a proclamation of the most conciliatory tendency, appeared before Palermo; quartered his troops in the barracks outside the walls, and announced the re-establishment of Ferdinand of Bourbon's authority. His purpose gained, he threw off the mask. Martial law was proclaimed on the 19th of May; the people previously invited to sell their arms, being now commanded (with the exception of the National Guard) to deliver them within forty-eight hours on the pain of death. The following day, the 20th, the troops entered the town, and took up the positions occupied before the revolution. A few days later, the National Guard was dissolved, and likewise made amenable to martial law. Domiciliary visits of the police were now set on foot, and upwards of a thousand persons found guilty of concealing arms or ammunition were put to death in various parts of the island. In many cases the possession of a few ounces of powder sufficed for the forfeiture of life. Forty-four were the exceptions to the amnesty; but ere long the prisons were filled with political captives, and every ship that left Sicilian shores bore away fresh exiles.

That the Constitution of Gaeta remained a dead letter—that no prince of the royal blood (and there are no lack of them in Naples) has been made viceroy—that the Sicilian chiefs captured in Calabria are still immured in Neapolitan dungeons—are patent facts. It

only remains for us to relate how the final article of Admiral Baubin's concessions was violated. After imposing various new taxes, the king wound up the year 1849 by the institution of a national debt for Sicily of twenty millions of ducats: "such being the cost of insurrections," was the wording of the decree. This conveyed a thrust at England. In September, the severities exercised upon Sicily had drawn forth a feeble remonstrance from the Foreign Office, in which the ancient and recognized rights of the Sicilians to the constitution of 1812 were once more detailed, and the danger of their prolonged suspension respectfully set forth. The court of Naples' arrogant and mendacious reply was followed up as we have seen. Sterile as was this interposition, England was the only one to hazard it; France kept entirely aloof.

During the last ten years, insurrectionary efforts in January, 1850, and again in the autumn of 1856, have been the only variations in a dark period of misery and stagnation.* Martial law is still in force, nay, more stringently in force than heretofore, were that possible, throughout the island. Palermo has a garrison of 18,000 troops; and forty cannons ready loaded are ranged in the square of the palace; 8,000 men hold Messina; 6,000 Catania. Between the oppressors and the oppressed subsists a deadly animosity; the Sicilians regard the Neapolitan as the Venetian does the Austrian. As in the old times already described, the police is all-powerful and unrelenting; the punishment of the stick, often on the mere suspicion of a political offence, is carried to a pitiless extent. As in those times also, it is the aim of Naples to degrade Sicily in the social scale. The inventions of the day are not applicable beyond the Straits; railroads are still unknown; even lighting by gas is denied to the entreaties of the citizens of Palermo. No steamers are allowed to approach the island, but such as touch at Naples, both in going and returning. In the desire to keep them remote from politics,

*As we write, Sicily is reported to be in the throes of a new revolution.

when any stirring event is abroad, the mails are sometimes detained for a week together, as if to irritate them by withholding the cautious details of the official journals to which even the Neapolitans have access. Neither is internal communication encouraged. The inland towns are wholly inaccessible, except by mule tracks. Three or four years ago, a royal lieutenant took measures for repairing some roads. Orders came from Naples to suspend the works.

The correspondence between Sicily and foreign countries is jealously watched; every one knows their letters will be opened, and writer his liberty. Hence the difficulty of obtaining an incautious revelation would cost the taining many details illustrative of the actual condition of the island. In a measure it seems cut off from the rest of Europe. Few come and go. Such of the political emigrants as have obtained permission to return to Sicily, have generally found themselves interdicted from leaving it. Women are not beneath the government's vigilant suspicions. The wife of Don Emerico Amari, one of the most eminent of the constitutional party, and of the ancient nobility of the island, has sued in vain for the last two years for permission to repair thither to see her aged parents. The widowed Princess Butera is alike unable to return to her native country, unless in her petition to the king she stigmatizes as a rebel the husband in whom she gloried. Not content with harshness to the living, the court of Naples extends its enmity to the dead. The remains of the Prince of Butera, those also of the Marquis of Spedalotto, are not allowed to be conveyed to the vaults of their ancestors. In Malta still lives the venerable Ruggiero Settimo. In Paris, Turin, Genoa, and Nice are to be found the other representative men of the Sicilian revolution. Driven from home, from riches, and from station, they bear their lot with the philosophy of men conscious of suffering in a right cause. They speak of England, without passion, without bitterness, but without hope. If the day of redemption is to dawn for Sicily, they no longer look to it from her.

A new work by M. Berryer, entitled "*Les Libertés Gallicanes en 1860*;" another by M. Odilon Barrot, "*Des Effets de la Centralisation*;" another by M. Barthélemy St. Hilaire,

"*Etudes sur l'Etat Moral de la France*;" and one by M. Jules Simon, "*De l'Indifférence dans les Questions Sociales*," are among the works now preparing for publication at Paris.

From The Press.

Sermons Preached at Westminster Abbey.

By Richard Chenevix Trench, D.D., Dean of Westminster. London: J. W. Parker and Son.

A VOLUME of sermons from the pen of Dean Trench is at any time sure to be received by the public as an acceptable gift. The present discourses possess the additional interest of having been preached (whether the whole, or only some of them does not appear) at the special evening services in the Abbey. For this purpose, indeed, they are, from their general plainness and eminently practical tendency, singularly well adapted, if we except two or three perhaps, which might be thought too recondite for so mixed an audience. Those who are familiar with Dr. Trench's writings will readily recognize here also the beauty of language and refinement of sentiment which are their chief characteristics, as well as that peculiar tendency to imaginative and slightly mystical thought with which they are all more or less tinged.

These peculiarities, though much subdued in the generality of the present sermons, are yet apparent here and there, as, for example, in the sermon entitled "The Coats of Skins," in which a substantially correct interpretation of a significant and comprehensive type is somewhat fancifully wrought out. Still more remarkable for excess of allegorizing exposition is the sermon on the text "Out of Egypt have I called my Son." Sometimes the propensity to hunt out ingenious and far-fetched meanings, for which the dean is, we suspect, indebted to his familiarity with the better class of German expositors of Scripture, tempts him actually to raise difficulties where to a plain reader none exist, seemingly for the express purpose of suggesting by way of solution, a more *recherché* sense. Thus in the sermon entitled "Counting the Cost," he entangles himself in the paradoxical position that by the "other king" to whom the less powerful king sends "an embassy" desiring conditions of peace, we are to understand God, merely in order to escape from the wholly gratuitous difficulty which the parable would present in the supposition that the Devil is meant by the "other king." Without any such forced construction, however, the two parables, of the king going to war against another king with insufficient strength, and of the builder undertaking to build without sufficient means, afford an admirable illustration of the folly and vanity of embarking in any enterprise without counting the cost; and this is, apparently, all that they are meant to teach. In like manner the sermon on "Lost Opportunities," while inculcating

highly important and practical lessons, bases them upon the record of circumstances from which it requires an almost perverse ingenuity to deduce them, and which there is the less need of torturing into so remote a meaning, since in their plain and obvious bearing they are replete with deep and humbling instruction.

Whilst in these and other instances of the same kind Dr. Trench is enticed by his love of the recondite to go beyond the limits of legitimate exegesis, he fails to come up, in other respects, to the full sense of the Scriptures. As an instance of this we would mention the sermon on "The Groans of Creation," in which he has narrowed the sense of the apostle's statement to the moral aspect of the world of man outside the Church, and has altogether missed the grand conception of a whole creation given to man as his lordship and heritage having been reduced through his fall to a condition of universal physical as well as moral suffering and corruption, and the still grander conception of a future deliverance of that whole creation from this doom of all-pervading woe in the final and glorious consummation of the work of redemption. More particularly is this occasional want of a thorough apprehension of the sense of Holy Scripture apparent when the sermons touch upon topics connected with the unseen world; as for example, in the sermon on "The Keys of Death and of Hell" (Rev. i. 18). From a comparison with Rev. xx. 13, 14, it is evident that by "death" is here to be understood the grave or other receptacle of the bodies of the dead; by "Hell," or "Hades," the receptacle of disembodied spirits. Dr. Trench, however, interprets "death" as the moment, the appointed time, of death, thereby severing the passage on which he discourses from its direct bearing on the resurrection of the body.

We have instanced these inaccuracies and short-comings because we hold it to be inexcusable in a preacher and writer of Dean Trench's ecclesiastical position, as well as mental calibre, to commit himself either to fanciful or to loose and superficial interpretations of the Sacred Text. We need scarcely add, however, that, much as these imperfections are to be regretted, they are after all but minor blemishes in a volume containing so much that is truly excellent and deeply spiritual. And although the praise which we willingly accord to it may seem to call for justification less than the critical remarks which we have felt it our duty to make, we cannot deny ourselves the satisfaction of directing special attention to some of the richer and more brilliant features by which these discourses are placed so far above the level of ordinary sermons.

One of the most attractive as well as instructive of these is the marvellous skill which Dr. Trench possesses in painting characters. His delineations of the character of the God-man himself, of the inner workings of his mind on particular occasions, are marked alike by a deepness of life and truth, and by a profound reverence, rarely equalled. As specimens of a lower but not less difficult branch of the same art of word-painting, we may instance the characters, as sketched by our author, of Stephen the Protomartyr; of Thomas the doubting disciple; of David great in his sin, greater in his repentance; and, in an opposite line, of Felix, convinced but not converted.

Nor is Dr. Trench less powerful when he rises to the full height of theological discussion. His vindication of the doctrine of the Holy Trinity, insisting on the acceptance by faith of what must ever remain a Divine mystery, while showing the practical value to the soul of the believer of the aspect in which the Deity is presented by the doctrine in question, is a masterpiece of pulpit oratory. So, too, is his vindication, or rather his exposition, of the doctrine of the atonement in the sermon entitled "Christ the Lamb of God," which deserves to take rank among the ablest essays produced in our day in opposition to the rationalistic notions propounded on this fundamental article of the Christian faith by some of our modern divines. And, if possible, exceeding both these in practical value is the sermon on "Scripture its own best interpreter," than which we could not wish for a more convincing argument for the paramount authority of Holy Scripture, at the same time that the valuable aid to be derived for its interpretation from the writings of the early Fathers of the Church is fully acknowledged and gratefully appreciated.

But the line in which Dr. Trench most shines is the application of religious truth to the inner life of the soul. In rebuking sin, in unmasking its disguises, in showing up its hideous character, in tracing its rise and progress, in appealing to the conscience, in warning the inexperienced and unwary, in elevating the heart, in touching it with the sense and sympathy of heavenly things, in enforcing truth, purity, holiness, he wields the eloquence of a true master. In almost every one of the discourses there are passages of this description; but some of them—not a few, indeed, out of the entire number—are exclusively devoted to some such practical topic; and we only regret that it is out of our power to do more than note some of the more striking. We have already alluded to the telling picture drawn of the character of Felix; but we must refer to the same ser-

mon once more, on account of the powerful contrast founded upon it between a mere intellectual conviction of the truth of religion, and that conversion of the heart which consists in a surrender of the whole man to its power. Further on there is a sermon on "The Slavery of Sin," and another on "The Duty of Abhorring Evil," full of deep and solemn feeling, well calculated to arouse the slumbering, and to startle even the hardened sinner, as well as to put the young and thoughtless on their guard against those first easy and seductive beginnings of sin often so lightly entered upon without a suspicion of the fearful entanglements of sin, of inward defilement, debasement, and profound misery, which are sure to follow. Another admirable sermon of this class treats of resistance to temptation, of its happy effect in diminishing the force of temptation at the time, and of the necessity of constant watchfulness, keeping the soul in an attitude of defence, upon the consideration that every day is sure to bring its temptations with it, and that it is too late to prepare for resistance when the power of sin is already quick and strong upon us. Again another and most instructive discourse, entitled "God searching out our Idols," is written as it were out of the very depths of the spiritual life, exhibiting the various and plausible forms which the heart's idolatry assumes, and setting forth the Divine judgments by which they are searched out and the idols overthrown, in their true light as constituting a discipline of love and mercy, to be submitted to not only in humility but with thankfulness.

Sometimes the preacher inveighs against particular sins, as, for instance, in one of the most effective sermons of the volume against the sins of the tongue. Nor does he confine his strictures to the sins of what is called "the world;" he has a keen eye and an unsparing tongue for the sins of "the religious world." At one time he complains bitterly of the want of religious earnestness in the present age, which he characterizes as "an age of feeble, languid Christianity." "Those," he says, "who are slightly touched by the power of the truth, in whose lives it exercises a certain beneficial influence, are many, perhaps more than in any other period of the church. But it is much to be feared that what we have gained in breadth we have lost in depth. Those whom the truth mightily takes hold of, who are content to be fools for Christ, who would be content to be martyrs for Christ, who love the good with a passionate love, who hate the evil with a passionate hatred, are few." Least of all is he inclined to give quarter or to show indulgence to that hateful self-righteousness and

spiritual pride which is, in these days, a too common accompaniment of an ostentatious profession of religion. "In resisting one form of evil," he observes, "never let us forget that there are others in the world. Fleshly sins may be watched against, and yet room may be given in the heart for spiritual wickedness, pride, self-righteousness, and the like. Yea, the victories gained over the lusts of the flesh may themselves minister to those subtler mischiefs of the spirit; and our fate may be like that of the hero in the Maccabees, who was crushed by the falling elephant which himself had slain. There is a white devil of spiritual pride, as well as a black devil of fleshly lusts. Satan can transform himself, where need is, into an angel of light. If only he can ruin us, it is all the same to him by what engines he does

it; all are fish for his net, profligate publicans and proud Pharisees; it is small matter to him whether we go down to hell as gross, carnal sinners, or as elated, self-righteous saints; nay, surely, he must be best pleased in the latter case, for these last are twofold more the children of hell than the others."

With such vigor of thought and force of language, Dr. Trench handles in these sermons the not mere doctrines and Church questions, but practical truths and questions of life,—testifying by the tenor of the whole volume to those great and eternal principles on the acknowledgment and realization of which depend alike the true happiness of individuals and the welfare of society, the greatness and stability of kingdoms, and the efficiency and prosperity of the Church.

M. GUIZOT OF HIMSELF.—"I have no desire to intrude my private life and feelings on public attention. The more they are profound and tender, the less are they disposed to exhibit themselves, for I cannot show them in their intense reality. Kings exhibit their crown jewels to the inspection of the curious; but we do not parade our private treasures, the value of which is only known to the owners. Yet when the fatal day arrives in which these invaluable possessions are wrested from us, it would be evincing towards them a want of respect and faith not to declare the esteem in which they were held and the void they have left. I have been strongly attached to political life, and have applied myself to it with ardor, I have devoted to public duties, without hesitation, the sacrifice and efforts they demanded from me; but these pursuits have ever been far indeed from satisfying my desires. It is not that I complain of the incidental trials. Many public servants have spoken with bitterness of the disappointments they have experienced, the reverses they have undergone, the severities of fortune, and the ingratitude of men. I have nothing of the kind to say, for I have never acknowledged such sentiments. However violently I may have been stricken, I have never found men more blind or ungrateful, or my political destiny more harsh, than I expected. It has had alternately, and in great abundance, its joys and sorrows; such is the law of humanity. But it has been in the happiest days, and in the midst of the most brilliant successes of my career, that I have found the insufficiency of public life. The political world is cold and calculating; the affairs of government are lofty, and powerfully impress the thought; but they cannot fill the soul, which has often more varied and more

pressing aspirations than those of the most ambitious politician. It longs for a happiness more intimate, more complete, and more tender than that which all the labors and triumphs of active exertion and public importance can bestow. What I know to-day, at the end of my race, I have felt when it began, and during its continuance; even in the midst of great undertakings, domestic affections form the basis of life; and the most brilliant career has only superficial and incomplete enjoyments, if a stranger to the happy ties of family and friendship."

We fear the project of uniting the Old and New Worlds by the Atlantic cable is not likely speedily to be achieved. Recent experience has shown that more difficulties than were once suspected stand in the way of electric telegraphs in deep water of several hundred fathoms; so much so, that the idea of a direct communication between this country and Gibraltar is for the present abandoned. The cable, which is the property of the nation, is to be taken up, and applied to a line in the eastern seas of China, where the supposed obstacle of a very deep sea does not occur to interfere with the hope of success.—*Literary Gazette.*

MR. MUDIE is about to start a branch of his great circulating library in Birmingham, for the supply of readers in that town, and the Midland Counties, on the plan which has proved so successful at Manchester, Glasgow, and Liverpool. These local libraries are really splendid things. The new warehouses, in New Oxford Street, which are now nearly finished, will, we are told, contain five hundred thousand volumes, in addition to the present stock.

From Chambers's Journal.
THE FIRST PICTURE.

"STILL that light from his window, mother, and twelve o'clock has struck!"

"We can do nothing, Helen. You would not stop at this hour? It is too late to go in."

"But we might ring the up-stairs bell gently. Mary would come down and speak to us. Do, dear mother. I shall not be able to sleep if I go home without hearing something of him."

The two speakers crossed the street, and rang the bell of the house from which the bright light of a lamp shone out of the high-shaped window of an artist's studio. They had scarcely a minute to wait, before a young lady opened the door, and held out both hands to receive the affectionate pressure of theirs. She smiled, as if pleased to see them; but her face was pale and anxious.

"Why is James at work so late again?" asked the younger visitor. "He will ruin his health utterly, and his picture is so nearly finished, and so beautiful, that it cannot be necessary."

"I cannot understand it, Helen. He has been painting the whole day, scarcely allowing himself time to eat his dinner."

"Oh, do go up to him! Tell him I entreat him to leave off to-night—for my sake."

"I am really afraid to interrupt him; he is excited and irritable. He was quite vexed with me an hour ago, when I took him some coffee." Her eyes filled with tears.

"You are overtaxed yourself, and your hand shakes," said Helen's mother. "You have been copying those manuscripts all this time, I fear. You all work too hard—much too hard. Here has my Helen been giving music-lessons for six hours to-day, and then up till this time in Exeter Hall."

"We must work, dear mother; you know we must; but I am quite able—quite well and strong. Try once more, Mary. Go in gently, and give my message, if you can, and tell him that I got two new pupils to-day, and that the *Messiah* was grand to-night; but I missed your faces so in the old corner! Why did you not come?"

"Oh, he would not hear of it."

"Tell him I had none of that delicious feeling that he laughs at me for having, as if, when the sound swells out, I did it all myself. Do go and try to make him laugh."

Mary shook her head, as if she knew that was impossible, but said she would go up to him.

"If you succeed in taming his ferocity, hold up this white camellia in the window, and then give it to him. You will walk up and down on the opposite pavement for five minutes, mother?"

Her mother consented, but rather reluctantly, and Mary went slowly up-stairs, and opened the studio door very gently. As she looked in, she saw that her brother was sitting in front of his easel, with his hands buried in his hair. The light of the lamp fell on masterly studies from Italian art—casts, draperies, anatomical drawings, fine sketches, finished pictures, and all the usual contents of a hard-working artist's studio, but, brightest of all, on the picture on the easel. She stood behind him now, silently staring at that picture, with the bewildered feeling that a wild, perplexed dream gives. In the morning, she had seen the canvas filled with figures full of grace, spirit, and expression; nothing seemed wanting but the last finish; now, one corner of the picture was entirely gone, and in its place was a gray neutral tint of paint. She stood there till a sense of giddiness and faintness made her cling to the back of her brother's chair. He started up, and she staggered against the wall; but without noticing it, he put out his lamp, and hurried down-stairs. The glimmering light of the candle she had brought up only seemed to add to the wretched impression of every thing about her, and she followed as fast as she was able. She had forgotten Helen and her anxieties, and the flower had dropped unnoticed from her hand. When she reached her sitting-room, she found her brother there, in something of the same attitude he had been in before. It was a very small room, poorly furnished, but yet had an air of refinement about it. A small table in a corner was covered with sheets of manuscript and the ink in the pen was still wet.

"James, my dear brother!" Mary began.

He held out one hand, and shook it, as if to forbid her to speak. She began to collect and put away her writing, and some tears dropped on the paper as she did so. There was a long silence.

"Can you get me a glass of water, Mary?" She was glad of the words, few as they were.

"The coffee is hot. Have coffee, dear James."

"No, no—water!" he repeated impatiently, and drank it off to the last drop when she gave it. Again there was a silence.

"Don't speak to me, but listen," he said presently. "I'm not mad, though I'm a brute, and have left you down here writing and slaving till you're half-dead—I see that. Don't be anxious about money," he went on, throwing a number of sovereigns on the table—"don't be anxious just now. That baronet paid for his portrait this evening—at last."

"It's not anxiety I feel, James; it is"—

"Hush!—be silent! I'm not mad, I tell

"you. I know what I am about." His head was raised now, and she saw a pale face, with swollen veins on the high white forehead, and eyes red from over-use.

"I saw how it ought to be about an hour ago, after it was almost finished. It came to me suddenly, like a revelation; there was nothing for it but to take it all out. Stop! I can't bear any thing—and least of all, pity! I cannot work on it again till the paint dries, so I shall go off somewhere to the country for three or four days. Keep the stove a-light, and let in air when the wind is dry, and go out and walk, and don't copy above two hours a day, and get Helen to come to you, and go and see Helen—that's all you can do for me. And now, good-night. Go to bed directly. You look so ill, you make me wretched."

"Wont you hear a message from Helen?"

"Helen! No, not to-night."

She took up her candle, and moved sadly towards the door of her bedroom; it opened out of the other.

"I'm going to smoke a cigar, and walk up and down for five minutes; the air will do me good. I shall be off very early in the morning."

"Let me go with you."

"Not this time; I must be alone: good-night. I have the key of the door."

And so they parted; but before a quarter of an hour, James was at her door, telling her not to be melancholy, for he had six weeks before him yet for his picture, and asking for Helen's message. Having heard it, he left his love for her, told Mary to sleep sound, and not get up early, and went up to his room.

Though a little comforted, poor Mary lay awake for hours, revolving sad thoughts of ruined hopes that had been built on that picture, which, notwithstanding James' words, she believed would never be finished now, and it was late before she awoke. Her first thought was of him, and she hurried on her dressing-gown, and ran up to his room; but his door was open, and he was gone. He seemed not to have entered his studio again, for when she went in to keep her promises about the stove, the camelia lay behind his chair as it had dropped from her hand. She took it up, and put it in water, averting her head from the easel, that she might not see the picture, and determining to call on Helen early in the day, and sighing to think what she would suffer when she heard the state in which it was now.

There had been a long engagement between James and Helen, dating back to the time when Helen was the daughter of a rich merchant, and James was the favorite nephew of a rich uncle, and destined for the bar.

When he, following his unconquerable love of art, relinquished his profession, offended his uncle, and lost his inheritance, it was Helen alone who stood by him, had faith in his genius, and reliance on his steadiness of purpose. Then came three years' separation while he studied in Italy; and he came home to find her father bankrupt, and her beautiful voice and musical talents the support of the family; but constant to her love for him, and dearer to his heart than ever.

"You shall marry her when you have sold your first picture in the royal academy," her father had said; and all the more, because her father was unfortunate, had Helen obeyed him implicitly, and waited—waited long and faithfully. The first year of his return, James could not finish any thing that satisfied himself; he would not exhibit at all. But now she had confident hopes that the time was at hand. That picture must succeed; there could be no doubt about it; so she employed every leisure hour in training her younger sister to take her place in the family. Lucy already taught her pupils occasionally, and Lucy's voice was finer than her own; so she looked forward with hope to her marriage-day. Half in joke, half in earnest, it was already fixed between her and James. They had decided it was to be on the 10th of May, just long enough after the opening of the exhibition to allow them to prepare. Well might Mary's voice tremble, then, as she told Helen the events of the night before. But Helen's faith in James was unconquerable. "Trust to him," she said; "he knows what he is about. Did he not say so? He will come back and go to work again, and you will see that he is right."

And he did come back on the third evening, full of life and heart, with a face brightened up by the keen winds of a frosty February, in which he had walked twenty miles a day; got up at dawn next morning, and worked early and late for weeks. No one saw his work, and no one talked about it; but the two loving hearts that felt with him saw that all was going on well, and had no anxiety. Many a pleasant hour they passed in the little sitting-room, when the labors of the day were over, and many a time it resounded with jokes and laughter, for James and Helen were both full of life, and Mary had a ready sympathy always for joy or sorrow. At last they all stood together before the finished picture. It was a noble work, infinitely finer than it could have been without the alteration and hard work of the last six weeks. Tears stood in Mary's eyes, and the light of joy and pride flashed from Helen's as they congratulated the artist and themselves.

Something had to be done, however. An

artist never thinks his work complete ; there is always some last touch to be given, and they were ordered down again. On the stairs, they were startled by a loud double knock, and saw a handsome carriage at the door as it opened. Mr. Thompson was asked for, and a gentleman, whom they knew in a moment as the original of the portrait of Sir Jasper Langley, was shown up to the studio.

He had come to see the picture, which he remembered as a sketch when his portrait was done. He looked at it long without speaking, through his glass, through his curved-up hand, with his head to one side, with his face close up to it, then far off. He hid every bit of it by turns with his fingers, and shaded first one corner, then the other, with his handkerchief. The artist stood by fuming inwardly, his stock of patience failing fast.

"How much do you ask for this picture, Mr. Thompson?" was the first question. No word of praise or admiration had preceded it.

"A hundred guineas, Sir Jasper."

"Very much too high a price for your first exhibition."

"Very much too low for a year's work, Sir Jasper."

"I repeat that it is too high a price," said the baronet, again looking through his glass.

"And I repeat that I will not abate a single farthing," said the artist, almost fiercely.

There was no arguing with such a tone as that. "Well, I suppose I must have the picture," said Sir Jasper. "Mark it 'Sold' when you send it in."

"I will do so, Sir Jasper."

The baronet put his hand in his pocket, and was going to ask for pen and ink to write a check, but paused on looking round at the bare walls, the carpetless floor, the utter want of all furniture except the gems of art that shed a glory on it. He saw that he had to do with a needy man. He might get the picture cheaper by waiting till the academy opened. There was the chance of rejection. He looked again. No, that was impossible. But there was the chance of a bad place—a bad light—the neglect of the public towards an unknown name; and it was very unlikely that any one else would find it out, at all events, at the private view, or the first day. He rescinded his desire that it should be marked "Sold," but promised to complete the purchase on the first Monday in May, and took leave. James then saw him down-stairs, and returned his bow from the window of his handsome carriage as it drove away.

Why did Sir Jasper try to beat down the price of that picture? He was not a very

good judge, still he believed that it was well worth twice as much as he was asked to pay, and it was quite as easy to him to pay one sum as the other. It was simply because he loved making bargains, and was used to it; because he was what is called a patron of rising talent. But why, then, having so mean a soul, did he covet that picture? Because he valued all pictures, not for their intrinsic beauty, or any pleasure he derived from them. But for their money-value. It was his ambition to be able to say that he sold a work of art for three times the price he gave for it.

Quite free from any speculations of this kind, James bounded up-stairs three steps at a time; told his news; said that needlework and manuscripts must vanish into darkness; notes of excuse must be written to pupils; notes of explanation to Lucy and mamma, and instant preparations made to spend the rest of the day somewhere among green fields and woods. It was lovely weather towards the end of March. No time was lost, and they were off in high spirits in half an hour.

It was a bright and joyous day. They came home by moonlight, loaded with primroses, sweetbrier, harebells, and ivy wreaths, having wandered over wild commons and through green lanes; dined at a country inn, and decided that the wedding-trip should be into that same country. Then they had supper in the little sitting-room, brightened and scented with their flowers and wreaths; sang glees, laughed, and talked till one in the morning; and at last only separated because Mary had begun a sage lecture on the fact that that old lady in the velvet dress was to take her first sitting at ten o'clock.

The old lady's portrait, and other work of that kind—which must be done for the money's sake—occupied the time that James longed to give to new pictures that crowded upon his imagination in the first flush of his enthusiasm. That check, if it had come out of the pocket, would have produced a rich interest—interest of more value to the world, if only the world knew it, than cent per cent; but it takes no note of its losses in that way.

He sent his picture to the royal academy for exhibition. Then came the anxiety as to whether it would be received; but this ended in about ten days. His picture was hung. How and where? That was the next thought. And so, amidst drudgery and anxiety, came on the day of the private view, to which artists do not go, and then the day that the exhibition opened to the public. James had kept entirely aloof from all his brother-artists; he would not make any acquaintances among them till he had tried his strength,

or he would have heard something of his fate; as it was, he was as ignorant of it as any casual visitor to the exhibition on the first Monday in May.

Before twelve o'clock, Mary and Helen stood at the closed door of the royal academy among the crowd assembled there, something like the crowd at the pit-doors of a theatre. The hour struck on St. Martin's Church, the door opened, the crowd pressed in, the shilling ready in each hand was paid, the ticket received, and they hurried up-stairs. The rooms looked empty, though outside it had seemed that there were people enough to half fill them; they could see the walls of every one. The picture they looked for was not in the first, nor in the middle room. They were both growing giddy by the time they reached the great room, and Mary's heart sank, and began to tell her that what they sought must be looked for in the octagon room—then the condemned cell of exhibitors—or among the architectural drawings. No such dreary ideas ever entered Helen's more hopeful mind. She saw every thing even more quickly and clearly than usual, her senses being rendered more intense by her excitement. Suddenly she pressed Mary's hand, and hurried her across to the opposite wall. There it was, in the great room, below the line, but in a good light. It was beyond, far beyond Mary's hope, but not up to Helen's; still, she also flushed up with gladness, for even she could not but see that such a place was a high honor to a young unknown artist.

The first thought, as they steadied themselves before it, and were able to think at all, was, how small it looks! the next, how beautiful it looks! They stood there long, and when they turned round, they found that the room was filling very fast, and that it had already become difficult to get near any of the favorite pictures, even if they had cared to do it; so they made their way back to the top of the stairs to watch for James. A continuous stream of people passed up, of whom many were young artists. All the members of the academy knew all about it long ago; had been at the dinner, or the private view; but the young men and the great majority of the lady exhibitors came now for the first time.

There was James at last. He came up slowly, pushed his hair nervously off his forehead, as if his head ached, and showed that very pale countenance that overfatigue and anxiety always gave him. Eagerly they met him, and he had to remind them once or twice to speak low, as they told their news and hurried him in. By this time, the crowd was so great that all the low-hung pictures were hidden, except to eyes which were close

to them, so that the effect of his was not so good as it had been. But James was quite satisfied with his place. Not with his picture. What true artist ever was satisfied with his work? One look was enough; and then he helped his two companions through the crowd to the upper end among the masterpieces, enjoying and pointing out the good, and passing unnoticed those for which he had no sympathy. His spirits rose as he looked. His own work was imperfect; no one knew its imperfection as well as he did; but it bore within it the promise that, some day, and that at no very distant date, he should be placed among these.

"One more look at yours before we go," said Mary.

They pressed through the crowd, James turning aside to other pictures, while she took her last look at his.

A group of fashionable ladies, with one or two gentlemen, had stopped before it, while Mary stooped down examining it closely.

"Oh, yes! this is J. Thompson's," said one. "The lady is actually standing near the sea."

"So she is," said another, and they all laughed.

"And there are the excited figures on the right!" said one of the gentlemen in a mocking tone, and again they all laughed.

What could they mean by their impertinent laughter? Mary did not hear it; but it was a pity they did not see the indignant flash of Helen's eyes that followed them as they passed on. She forgot them and their trifling, however, in a moment when James again came to her side.

They walked away homewards together. "Are you ready, both of you, to set off for the sea to-morrow?"

"But Sir Jasper?" said Mary.

"Don't wait for him!" cried Helen.

"James is quite ill. Look at his forehead; he must have rest and change. Sir Jasper's letter can be sent after us."

"You remember your promise, Helen; one week after this date we are married."

She pressed the arm on which her hand rested. They had forgotten all the world as their eyes met.

"Thompson! is it possible? Where have you been these hundred years?" It was an old schoolfellow and college-companion who held out both hands and stopped them with these words, as they walked along the Strand.

"Harris! my dear fellow, how glad I am to see you again! I should have passed you if you had not stopped me." They shook hands warmly.

"Miss Thompson!—I must not say 'Mary' now, I fear—have you forgotten me?"

There was a faint blush on Mary's cheek, which she tried to laugh off, as she held out her hand. It told of memories that suddenly flashed upon her of the old, old story—a youthful passion in former days between her and her brother's friend.

"Seven years since we parted, I do believe," said Harris. "I suppose you have passed at the bar long ago, Thompson?"

"You must come and see me, and then I will tell you all about it. And what have you been about all this time?"

"I? Oh, sometimes in London, sometimes in Paris, making money slowly, and spending it quickly."

"Ah! I have seen your name in literature, and enjoyed some of your speculations."

"I generally write anonymously though. No, don't give me your card, and rush off again. Come and dine with me. My rooms are close by; and I've a pleasant set of fellows coming, mostly of the same profession as myself."

"Not to-day. I am engaged."

"Very pleasantly, I see. Lovely girl. Wont you introduce me?" This was said aside.

The introduction was made; and by promises that the party should break up quite early, and declarations that as he himself must be off to Paris next morning, they could not meet again for months, Harris persuaded Helen and Mary to take his side of the question.

Harris' rooms were handsome; his dinner, wine, and guests all good and pleasant. Jokes and puns flew round. The exhibition that had just opened came under discussion after dinner. Then began various remarks, and considerable abuse of certain pictures, that provoked James. He exchanged a good deal of excellent criticism with one of the company who sat at the bottom of the table, and who seemed the only one able to appreciate art at all. As to the others, they were perfectly reckless of any thing, except finding food for wit and fun; so, after flatly contradicting some, and laughing at others, he had made up his mind not to say another word on the subject, for fear he should lose his temper, when Harris took a copy of the *Midas* out of his pocket, and began to read the article on the private view of the Royal Academy, for the amusement of the company.

Of course it began with eulogiums on the works of long-honored academicians and associates; but when younger men and unknown names were brought under review, James' ire rose again.

"A most ignorant piece of criticism!" he exclaimed. "Wrong on every point. It praises exactly what is bad, and pulls to pieces every thing that is good."

"Infinitely obliged!" said Harris with a bow.

"Obliged! Why, what is it to you?"

"Only that it's my own writing. You did not know I was an art-critic?"

"No, indeed; such an idea never could have entered my head."

"This is capital fun," laughed he who sat at Harris' right hand. "Go on, Harris. I suppose there's more."

"Oh, yes, some of my best hits are to come. 'No. 777. *By the Sea*, by J. Thompson.' Hope he's no relation of yours, Thompson."

"If he is, I shall not recognize him in your description, I fancy."

"Well, here he is in style. 'We really have given as much time, in fact much more time, to this very exalted effort than it deserves, or than our already overtaxed patience rendered easy, but confess that we were unable to arrive at the very deep meaning which this young aspirant evidently thinks is expressed by the hollow eyes and excited gestures which he has here portrayed. As for the young lady in the centre, we think that the healthful breezes from the sea, near which she stands, might have been expected to give her a less cadaverous hue; and what, in the name of common sense, are the figures on her right aiming at? For Heaven's sake, let us away with these pretentious flights, at least till the fledglings have got their pen-feathers. The ideal!—it is a word of which we are sick. We are really tempted sometimes to utter profanities against the great names of antiquity, and quote Sir Joshua, when similarly provoked:—

"When they talked of their Raphaels, Correggios, and stuff,

He shifted his trumpet, and only took snuff."

"A tea-cup, carefully painted, is worth all this rubbish twenty times over. Still, there is some talent in this young man. If he can consent to begin at the very beginning, to deprive us for some years of the pleasure of contemplating his handiworks, to say to himself daily, in the words of the great master already quoted, 'Draw! draw! draw!' to study chiaroscuro, in which, as in neat handling, he is eminently deficient; to go, in short, to study art at its fountain-head in the Eternal City, then we may be able to welcome him among us some day; as it is, we heartily advise him to think again whether he has not mistaken his vocation, for haste and carelessness give but poor earnest of future excellence."

Not a muscle of James' face moved.

"Capital!" said Harris' right hand man. "Poor J. Thompson! let's drink his health, and a pleasant journey to Rome."

The toast went round.

"You don't drink the toast, Clive," said Harris to him who sat at the bottom of the table.

"I do not," replied Clive, pushing away his glass indignantly. "I hate this system of reckless criticism. I believe it weighs like an incubus on our schools. What do you know about art, Harris? You've made a hundred blunders in the course of your article."

"What, do you admire this *opus Thompsonianum*, then?" asked one.

"I know nothing about it. I have not been at the exhibition this morning long enough to see above half a dozen pictures, but I object to the whole system. It's a disgrace to the age. Critics, if allowed at all, ought to be trained to their work, pass an examination"—

"Take out a license, perhaps, wear a badge—'Licensed to cut up young artists!'"

"They ought to be educated for their work at least. Very likely the picture they treat in this flippant manner has cost time and labor, such as they are incapable even of understanding."

"A splendid burst of eloquence, Clive! He'll have you in his next novel, Harris!"

"I repeat, it's a disgrace to the age," Clive went on. "And the provoking thing is, that the public is led by these absurd dogmas like a flock of sheep. 'I see by the *Midas* that such a picture is excessively bad!' says one; and that such a picture is full of affectation," says another; when all the time the *Midas* has nothing to do with it, but only some individual who sets up as critic, without knowing more of art than a baby. We, indeed!"

It might have been thought that James would sympathize with Clive, and second his indignant appeal; but the fact was, he had not heard a word of this hurried dialogue. His inward rage so possessed him, that the room and the men in it seemed to whirl before his eyes, and their voices to sound only as a distant murmur. The insults heaped on his work were the more stinging because they came from his early friend, to whom his heart had just opened so warmly; and, moreover, he was at this moment less able than usual to bear any kind of provocation. Every faculty of his being was therefore engaged in preserving an outward calm, and he succeeded so perfectly that no one had the slightest suspicion that he was feeling any thing at all.

The reading that had been interrupted was not resumed, and the party broke up soon afterwards. "I am to walk home with you, Thompson, you know; stop a moment," cried Harris.

James did not answer. He was already on

the stairs; but Harris, busy in dismissing his company, observed nothing, and they were soon in the street. Harris could scarcely keep up with the pace at which his companion strode along, and as to conversation, it was impossible, so after a gasp or two, he gave it up.

They found Helen and Mary in the little sitting-room, which was decorated with flowers, and had a sort of gala air. A letter in Sir Jasper's hand lay on the table. Helen's eyes beamed as she gave it to James, and it seemed to her that she heard their marriage-bells ringing, for there was the price of his "first exhibition picture." But no answering look met hers. His eyes were fixed on Harris with a look of scorn, his face deadly pale, and his lips firmly closed. He opened the letter, looked at it, and crushed it in his hand. An ominous silence and a strange, confused dread fell over them.

Harris tried to rally, and turned aside to look at two small cabinet pictures.

"Pretty things these," he said. "Specimens of modern Italian art, I suppose, picked up when you visited Rome, as I heard you mention this evening. Strange how Italy has degenerated since its great days."

"Only a Rubens and a Vandyck. They belong to a baronet, for whom I chose them in Antwerp. Admirable art-critic!"

Mary was shocked. She had never seen her brother rude before.

"Come up to my room, will you?" said James, and there was something so imperious in his tone, that Harris mechanically obeyed. Helen followed, beckoning to Mary to accompany her, which she did.

As they reached the open door of the studio, they saw Harris, who had just entered it, turn ghastly pale, and visibly tremble. His first glance had told him that his old friend was an artist, of which he had no idea; his first thought had reminded him of his criticism. He tried to speak, to excuse himself, to declare what he had written was in ignorance; but his voice died away in indistinct mutterings.

"No more words," said James in a suppressed voice, but speaking distinctly. "Here is a letter for you to read—to read aloud."

Harris took the letter and read it, but not aloud. It dropped from his hand on the floor, and Helen snatched it up and read:—

"Sir Jasper Langley feels confident that after the opinion of the press, as expressed in the article in the *Midas*, Mr. Thompson will not expect him to complete the arrangement for his picture. Sir Jasper Langley much regrets this *contre-temps*, and hopes on some future occasion to be more fortunate in a selection of some work of Mr. Thompson's."

Helen tried, as she finished, to catch James' hand, to speak to him, to make him hear her, but in vain. He passed her, and went close up to Harris, as if to strike him, but by a violent effort mastered the impulse.

"Vain, ignorant, presumptuous fool!" he said in a voice almost choked by the burning passion he held down. "The picture you have ruined was the hard and earnest work of a whole year—the result of the study and thought of four years. Leave my house! Take yourself out of my sight, or I shall forget my own dignity, and lose all command of myself!"

Harris bowed his head, and held out his hands, in a deprecating manner, but did not move; and James seeing him still there, rushed down-stairs and out of the house, as if he had no other means of controlling his own violence.

"I have learned my lesson," said Harris, looking at Helen, who stood upright before him. "Never—never while I live shall I forget it. If he had stabbed me, I deserved it."

No one answered. Mary had nearly fainted. Helen stood immovable and silent.

"Can you forgive me?" said Harris. "Miss Thompson! Mary! *you* know I did not mean this."

Helen only moved her hand in the direction of the door, as if to ask him to leave them; Mary hid her face in her hands.

"Only hear me before I go. Tell him I meant no harm to him; that I had no idea he was an artist, not the remotest idea he painted that picture. I was obliged to give some lightness to my article, and by evil fortune I fixed on his to abuse."

Helen started, and turned away in disgust.

"Hear me yet! I see my wretched error—my crime. Tell him I will never write another criticism; that I would right him now at any cost or humiliation to myself; but it is too late!" and so saying, he went slowly away.

It was long before they moved. It had grown quite dark when they went down to the sitting-room. They lighted a solitary candle, and it showed them the flowers they had arranged so gayly for James. They went into the bedroom, and there were the travelling-bags packed ready for the morning. Where were their hopes now? The marriage-bells had become a death-knell. They sat quite still, holding each other by the hand, and listening anxiously for James' return. There was a knock at the door. They both started up, and ran down-stairs, longing to give sympathy and comfort.

"What a blank, dreary feeling it was when the door opened to see, not James, but a boy with a note from him. Helen seized

it, and ran to the lamp on the stairs to read it, while Mary tried in vain with her shaking hand to find her purse, and pay the boy, who asked for a shilling, for his message. At last she had done, the door was shut, and she was able to hear the few words written in pencil:—

"Forgive me for leaving you; but I cannot trust myself within reach of that insolent upstart—hardly could bear even you near me. The train is starting, and I am going off towards the north. I will write from wherever I stop. I must accustom myself to loneliness."

They went up slowly together. Mary sank into a chair; Helen stood in the middle of the room with a face of anguish. She tried to speak, but heavy moans came from her aching heart, and Mary was roused from her own sorrow to go and clasp her closely, try to comfort her, try to tell her he would return, that they should be happy still, that patience was all they wanted.

"Mary, Mary!" the voice came at last choked with sobs, "you say words only, idle words. His is not a nature to bear shocks like these; he is too nervous, too excitable; and he was ill before—quite overwrought! He ought to have had rest ever since he sent in that grand work, that used up his very life to finish, and that has been so foully used." Her voice failed, and her indignation seemed to shake her whole frame.

"If I am in life," she went on presently, "I will go to him the moment we know where he is; and you too, Mary; we will both go. No wonder you are able to bear this better than I; you who have been his comforter, his help throughout all his trials, while I— This shall not go on! I must make my father see it. Yes, my dear father *will* see it. I must have a wife's right to be his soother and helper—to share his joys, and sorrows, and toils, and lighten them as only a true wife can. What matters selling pictures? I can work. Thank Heaven, I can work too. We can all work. This shall not go on!"

Mary only answered with a fervent embrace. To go to James was all she longed for; but three days passed without a word from him. These days would have been insupportable but for the amount that had to be done in them. Mary had to prepare every thing for an indefinite absence from home; Helen to prepare Lucy, her mother, and father, to part with her from home forever. With the first two, her task was easy, except for the sorrow that will cling round that trying separation; but with her father, it was a hard struggle; he did, however, give a reluctant consent at last. She spent her nights with Mary always. It was at night the heavy trial had to be borne: then came mis-

erable fears, dreadful images before her, and she could not sleep. Often she was aware that Mary, too, was awake and crying bitterly. "Mary is too gentle, too sensitive for her stormy life," would Helen say to herself; "she needs a sister's love and sympathy. Oh, only let us find him; then all shall be right!"

The postman's knock was always startling, and hitherto always disappointing. Two letters came for James on the fourth morning: none from him yet. Mary was authorized to open all that came for him, and when the bitter disappointment had been so far recovered as to let her think of any thing she opened these. Her exclamation over the first brought Helen to her side. Sir Jasper Langley had written to commission another picture—Mr Thompson to fix on his subject and name his price. The second letter explained the meaning of the first—it was from the Royal Academy: his picture there was sold to another purchaser.

Joy and exultation took possession of them at first; but then came unbearable impatience to take this news to James. Helen could not sit still; she roamed through the two rooms revolving impracticable schemes of setting off in search of him, and always ending with the conviction that she must wait. Several cards were left for him in the course of the morning—one had "Mr Clive" on it; the others had names of well-known artists.

At last came the letter so longed for; the direction had been so illegible that it had been mis sent. It realized some of their worst fears. It was evident James was ill—very ill; that his mind was confused and wandering. Many of the words could not be read; but the date was there—they knew where to find him—Brodick in the Island of Arran.

Neither spoke. There was not a moment to lose, for evening was drawing on, and there was but one thought and one wish in either heart. They succeeded in getting away; and before the moon rose that night, they had left London fifty miles behind.

They were in Glasgow early in the morning, and on the Clyde early next day. Now there was time to breathe, time to think. The beautiful scenery around them they saw nothing of. Helen shut her eyes, that she might not see it, so miserable was the contrast with her inward struggle. There was something so strange, wild, unlike himself in James' letter; no word of affection, no wish for them. He spoke of spending a whole day and night on the mountains; of his loathing at his own weakness, because, hating the very idea of ever painting again, he was always seeing pictures everywhere—in the gloomy glens, on the granite peaks,

among the clouds, and over the sea. Then followed an unintelligible description of wild, fantastic forms that pursued him wherever he went, and to avoid which, he was going out in a boat.

"He is very ill; perhaps in danger. Oh, that we were with him! We shall restore him with our love and our news, if we are in time—yes, if we are in time!" she would inwardly exclaim, and starting up to see what progress they were making, would see Mary's eyes fixed on her, full of anxious love.

By seven in the evening, they were nearing the wild peaks of Arran. It was a lovely night when they swept into the beautiful bay of Brodick—a more beautiful is nowhere to be found on the coasts of Britain. The sun, getting low, was lighting up the lofty peak of Goatfell, and innumerable other peaks and craggy heights caught the glow. The woods of the lordly castle lay in deep gloom down to the water's edge. Helen and Mary stood side by side ready to land.

"Helen, it is the tenth of May—it is the day of your marriage. It is a good omen."

Helen's face became deadly pale. They were very near the little wooden pier, and were straining their eyes to try to catch a glimpse of the one form in all the world they longed to see; but among the few people who had collected in that quiet place to see the steamer land its passengers, he was not to be seen. They stepped ashore the moment it stopped; only one other passenger landed, who took his way up the steep road directly.

They looked round for guidance, for they had no direction, and applied to a man who seemed to be pier-keeper, to know if he could direct them to any lodging where a young English gentleman might be. He examined their faces inquiringly, and with a kind expression on his face.

"Ye'll be frae Glasgy, this morning?" was his characteristic reply.

"Yes, oh, yes; and we are urgently anxious—very anxious to lose no time," said Helen.

"And ye cam frae Lunnon?"

"Yes. You know where he is. Take us there!" She had a trembling dread of asking a question, and began to walk hurriedly up the road. Mary shook so terribly that the kind-looking man made her take his arm, and followed, and soon overtook Helen.

"He is ill?" she said soon, in a hoarse, suppressed voice.

"Ou ay, ou ay! puir lad! he is that. It's the brain-fever, they say. Ye'll maybe be feared to gang in?"

"Feared!" Helen said no more, and her tone made the guide walk faster and faster.

"He's had a guid doctor and a kind nurse,"

he said. "Mrs. Andrew Hamilton—we're a' Hamiltons here, ye see—she's been aye beside him. He's cried aye upon twa names; I'm thinkin' it's just yoursels. But he was very quiet when I cam doon to the pier. I stopped to hear news o' him."

Should they never reach the lodgings? They pressed on faster and faster. At last they turned aside by a jutting rock under some trees, and stopped at a cottage. A young man dressed in black came to the door instantly with a gesture that was meant to prevent their entrance, but at a word from the guide, he made way for them. The door opened at once into the room.

Was that James they saw, with ghastly pale face, eyes unnaturally large and dilated, tight, compressed lips, and rigid arms that lay outside the bed? Mary had flung herself on her knees beside him, and pressed her warm hand on his heart, to feel if it beat. Helen, with face as white as his, fixed her eyes on his, then laid her cheek to his. "James, my own love!" she whispered in his ear. "Mary is here; Helen is here; Helen your wife—your own! Look at her!" and then again she raised her head, and tried to fix his wild, distracted eyes.

"It beats!" It was Mary that spoke.

"Air! air!" gasped Helen, making an earnest gesture with her hand.

Some one opened the window, and a bright ray of the setting sun, and a sweet scent of the evening air, fell upon them all three. The lids began to close a little over the eyes; the white rings seen all round the iris before, were no longer visible; a ray of consciousness came into the eyes; they brightened, they looked into Helen's. The lines of pain

and distraction began to smooth away; the parched lips unclosed. Some kind hand placed in Helen's a glass containing the strong stimulant that the medical man had left for him; she moistened the lips with it, then tried, and succeeded in getting some into the mouth.

"James, it is our marriage-day."

The eyes gently closed, the lips visibly smiled, the breathing became soft and regular. He was asleep. They had sank on their knees beside the bed. The minister—for he it was who was present—laid a hand on each head, and said, softly: "Send up praise to Him who has given the blessing!" Then there was a hushed silence for hours.

When morning broke, James still slept, and Helen still watched. Her soul was absorbed in him. She watched that there might be no sound to disturb, that warmth and air might be about him, that she might be ready to give support when he awoke. Mary, utterly exhausted, lay on the floor, wrapped in a cloak, with her head on a pillow, and slept too. It was not till more than twelve hours had so passed that he awoke, so weak, he could scarcely move his hand, but restored to consciousness and affection, and able to understand his happiness.

Need we describe the joy and peace of that recovery to life and health; or the marriage-day that followed; or the weeks of happiness passed in that wild and beautiful Island of Arran; or the enthusiasm with which the artist returned to his work? It is sufficient to say that in the days of his success he forgot past injuries, and that when he found the early love had revived, he was able to take Harris to his heart as a brother.

CARS IN THE DESERT.—Mr. Russell, the well-known Crimean reporter of the *London Times*, gives a most interesting sketch of a run through a portion of the Arabian desert by the new railway route. We subjoin an extract:—

"Blanched bones of camels lie in dull whiteness on the sands. Not a bird fans the hot, silent air. Stones and sand, and sand and stones, are all, and everywhere stretched out dead and hard under the blue sky and the relentless sun. The rail which conveys us through this desolation is single, and the line is said by English engineers to be very badly made, as the French engineers who laid it out took it over a ridge eleven hundred feet high, instead of following a low level near the river, which would have greatly diminished expense and cost of working. The water and coal for the engines are to be carried by the trains out to the various stations. So they are like commissariat animals in a barren

country, which have to carry their own fodder, and diminish the public burdens.

"These stations are helpless, hot, oven-like erections, generally eked out by old Crimean wooden huts, within the shade of which may be seen an undoubted Englishman, smoking his pipe. At the twelfth station we coaled; the train ended in the desert here; but at long intervals, for miles in advance, we could see the encampments of Arabs, who, for the time, had become navvies, and were engaged in picking and burrowing and blasting through the rocks a way for the iron horse. In a long wooden shed—the centre of a group of tents—were laid out long tables, covered with hot joints of recondite animals, papier-mache chickens, and lignite vegetables. This was our dinner—it had come all the way from Cairo—so had the wine, the beer, and spirits. If manna and quails were at all eatable, we had envied the food of the Israelites."

From The Saturday Review.
GENTLEMEN.

A GREAT part of the most important business of life is transacted imperceptibly, and through the unconscious agency of innumerable persons who contribute, by their choice of phrases to the gradual modification of language. Words come to bear a totally different meaning in different generations, and, in the course of the process, influence, in no small degree, the nature of the modifications which they record. The invention of the name "Whig" for a particular political party had no small historical importance, for it led people to ask what they meant by it, and at the same time gave them considerable facilities in conducting the inquiry. A more or less conscious and explicit sentiment informed those who originated the nickname that particular people had a sufficient number of points of resemblance to render them capable of being described by a common mark; and when the mark was once affixed, an inquiry into the nature and causes of the peculiarities denoted by it was natural, and, indeed, almost inevitable.

This is a fair illustration of the process by which most of the transient phases of society are at once described and recorded, and it is constantly being applied to almost every subject which is at once interesting and indefinite. Dean Trench's well-known volume about Words abounds in curious instances of it. Most of us know how "Pagan" meant, first, a countryman—then a countryman who still retained the idolatry which had been banished from the towns—and, lastly, an idolater without reference to his local habitation. Curious as such words are in a literary and historical point of view, it is still more curious to watch and to try to understand the changes which are actually in progress under our own eyes, and to attempt to ascertain the point in their history which particular words in general use and of wide application have actually reached. Hardly any word affords so good an example of this as the word "gentleman" as it is now used. In its infancy, as every one knows, it meant merely to affirm of the person to whom it was applied the possession of a particular pedigree. At present it is used in what may almost be called a miscellaneous manner, for it bears at once several different meanings, each of which is more or less connected with its original signification. Its most obvious meaning is still that which makes it a mere term of dignity. In this sense, a man is a gentleman who has either a certain amount of independent property or who holds a certain official or professional rank; but, inasmuch as the word is felt to imply personal superiority, and inasmuch as no amount

of property and no official or professional position universally implies personal superiority, there is a constant tacit revolt against this use of the word, and a corresponding endeavor to apply it to the possession of those qualities by which property and rank ought to be accompanied. Thus, a meritorious story was called "John Halifax, Gentleman," the point of the title being that the hero was not a gentleman really, but only morally. Between the exclusively technical and the exclusively moral view of the word, the usage of society has struck a sort of balance, so that when we speak of a "gentleman" in the present day, we virtually assert that certain merits go together—that they usually belong to the members of certain classes—and that the person to whom the name is applied is both a member of the class and a possessor of the merits in question.

What these merits are, and how far they really do belong to a few classes of society, are curious questions. The first can be answered only by attention to the common use of language; and this gives a strange result. Some of the acts which are considered as ungentleman-like belong to the greater and others to the lesser morals; but though many well-meaning persons like to make out that whatever is wrong is also vulgar, the common use of language does not warrant them in thinking so. To tell a wilful lie is at once very wicked and very ungentleman-like, and the same might probably be said of most forms of stealing; but no one would say that there was any thing particularly repugnant to the character of a gentleman in arson, or murder, or cruelty to animals. Adultery and seduction would certainly be ungentleman-like in so far as they involved either breach of special confidence or gross specific fraud or falsehood, but not otherwise, notwithstanding their moral enormity. Perhaps the most singular illustration arises in the case of offences in the use of language. It is one of the most common of all arguments against profane swearing that, besides being wrong, it is very vulgar; but though there is a certain degree of truth in this, it is only true under a very important limitation. If a man were, on all occasions and in all societies, to interlard his conversation with profane oaths, he would certainly act in a very vulgar way; but it is not vulgar, though it is certainly wrong, to swear upon provocation, in moderation, and in the society of those who are not likely to be annoyed by it. In the minor morals there is the same kind of apparent confusion. There is nothing ungentleman-like in ill-nature or selfishness, carried to the utmost length and persisted in with the utmost virulence, though

there certainly are particular manifestations of each of these faults which deserve that reproach. A man might be a thorough gentleman who was in the habit of systematically mortifying and wounding others by sarcastic exposures of their folly or ignorance, but it would be inconsistent with the character of a gentleman to produce the very same effects by ridiculing a personal defect or a domestic calamity.

It may be said that this is mere caprice, and that such distinctions—which are but specimens of a very numerous class—rest upon no principle whatever. But this is not the case. Almost all, if not all, the questions which can be raised upon the subject may be solved upon a single principle. When people are in the habit of associating together, they inevitably, though unconsciously, set up a certain standard of conduct, conformity with which is a condition of being a member of the society. This standard is not fixed with exclusive reference to any one element of human nature, but embraces all those which are concerned in the objects of the association. Those who sympathize with the temper of the society often imbibe thoroughly the spirit of this standard, and constantly show its influence in their conduct. Societies, however, whatever may be their object, have not only a pervading tone and temper, but have almost always definite laws, which are of more or less importance according to the ends to which they are directed; and a man may implicitly and habitually obey them without entering in any degree into the spirit in accordance with which they were framed, just as a judge might rigorously carry into execution laws of which he entirely disapproved, or as a secretary might put into shape reasonings or conclusions which he considered altogether absurd.

These remarks apply to all associations whatever. But they will throw considerable light upon the different questions suggested above, and upon others of the same kind, if what is in popular language called "society" is considered as an association of a number of different people, not for purposes of business, or of direct advantage, but for the sake of enjoying the pleasure of each other's company. The general standard of conduct which such an association would set up would be partly moral, partly artistic, and partly intellectual. It would be somewhat narrow in its range, embracing only those departments of life which come frequently into view, and would thus have little or no application to strange, occasional actions, like murder or arson, which tend not so much to disturb the harmony of social intercourse as to put an end to it altogether. It is natural that it should be a standard at once indulgent and

severe—indulgent to faults which do not immediately interfere with social enjoyment, or of which the pleasant consequences are immediate, and the unpleasant ones remote, and severe upon every thing which tends to make the act of association uncomfortable or insecure. This explains the reason why lying and breaches of trust of all sorts are inconsistent with the character of a gentleman, whilst incontinence and debauchery are not. It must be observed, however, that the moral element in the conception of the character of a gentleman is really moral, though it is partial. It stigmatizes lying, not merely because it is unpleasant, nor merely because it is immoral, but because it is unpleasant, immoral, and inartistic at one and the same time. These considerations tend rather to explain what is meant by the spirit of a gentleman than what conduct is specifically gentleman-like. The solution of that question depends not so much upon the standard of conduct set up by society as upon its laws of conduct. A man who has but little sympathy with the one may pass muster well enough by observing the other. The laws of society apply rather to the minor than to the greater morals, and, like all other laws, they are capable of being observed almost mechanically and by mere abstinence. There are, for example, a great number of social rules which are founded upon the principle that social intercourse implies respect. Thus it is against all the laws of civilized society to call a man names, and it is against the spirit of civilized society on most occasions to give him pain. A man who said ill-natured things might be a worse man than one who called his neighbor a fool or a liar, but he would have kept the law, whilst the other would have broken it. This explains why many trifles are ungentleman-like, whilst many serious offences are not.

It appears from all this that a real, though not perhaps a very definite, meaning can be attached to one of the assertions which, as has been observed, is included under the word gentleman—the assertion, namely, that a certain set of good qualities usually go together. Whether the second assertion which it includes is true—namely, that those qualities are characteristic of a particular class of society—is quite another question. It is one which every one must answer for himself from his own experience. Perhaps the opinion which is at once the most charitable and the least extravagant is, that though there is no position in life in which a man may not be a gentleman if he has it in him, there is also none which makes him one of itself, and not many which are very favorable to his being one.

MY FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY.

BY MRS. FRANCIS D. GAGE.

I USED to think, when I, a child,
 Played with the pebbles on the shore
 Of the clear river, rippling wild,
 That rolled before my father's door,
 How long, how very long 'twould be
 Ere I could live out fifty years;
 To think of it oft checked my glee,
 And filled my childish heart with fear.

I looked at grandma as she sat,
 Her forehead decked with silvery rime,
 And thought "When I'm as old as that,
 Must I darn stockings all the time?
 Must I sit in an arm-chair so,
 A white frilled cap around my face,
 With dull drab strings, and ne'er a bow,
 And keep things always in their place?"

The lines of care, the sigh of pain,
 The "Hush!" her lips so oft let fall,
 Made me wish, o'er and o'er again,
 I never might grow old at all.
 Yet she was ever cheerful, and
 Would oftimes join our sports and mirth;
 And many a play by her was planned
 Around the winter evening hearth.

But then she played not by the brook,
 She did not gather pretty flowers,
 She did not sing with merry look,
 Nor make a spring-time of the hours.
 So, when she said, one sunny morn,
 "You will be old, like me, some day,"
 I wept like one of hope forlorn,
 And threw my playthings all away.

Be old! like grandma, and not roam
 The glen in spring, for violets blue,
 Or bring the bright May blossoms home,
 Or pick the strawberries 'mong the dew?
 Be old! and in the summer time
 Take weary naps in midday hours,
 And fail the Chandler trees to climb,
 And shake the ripening fruit in showers?

Be old! and have no nutting-bees
 Upon the hillside, rustling brown,
 Or hang upon the vine-clad trees,
 And shout the rich ripe clusters down?
 Be old! and sit round wintry fires?
 Be fifty! have no sliding spree?
 And hush away all wild desires?
 I thought 'twere better not to be.

But two score years have glided by,
 With summer's heat and winter's cold,
 With sunny hours and clouded sky,
 Till now I'm fifty—now I'm old.
 The sunburnt locks are silvery now,
 That used to dangle in the wind;
 And eyes are dim, and feet move slow,
 That left my playmates all behind.

Spectacles lie upon my nose,
 But no white frill looks prim and cold;
 My gray hair curls—I wear pink bows—
 I do not feel so very old.

To play among the pebbles, I
 Would love, on that familiar shore,
 Where once I watched the swallows fly
 The dancing, rippling waters o'er.

I'd like to climb the apple-tree,
 Where once the spicy sweetening grew,
 Make grape-vine swings, and have a glee;
 But I am *fifty*—'twouldn't do.
 I'd like to go a-nutting now,
 And gather violets in the glen—
 And wreath the wild flowers round my brow,
 As well as e'er I did at ten.

I'd like to slide upon the pond,
 To watch the old mill struggling there
 In icy chains, while all beyond
 Was one broad mirror, cold and glare.
 I'd like to see the noisy school,
 Let out a-nooning, as of old,
 Play "Lost my glove," and "Mind the rule;"
 My heart throbs quick—it is not cold.

I hear the cry of Kate and Jane,
 Of Lottie, Lina, Helen and Sue—
 Ah, yes! (I'll own it) in between
 Come George, and Dan, and William, too.
 I'm fifty, but I am not sad;
 I see no gloom in ripening years;
 My hopes are bright, my spirit glad—
 How vain were all my childish fears!

My childish sports, I loved them then;
 I love to think them over still;
 To shut my eyes, and dream again
 Of silvery stream and woodland hill.
 But life has pleasures holier still
 Than childhood's play, with all its zest,
 That, as we journey down the hill,
 Make each succeeding year the best.

Now stalwart men are at my hearth,
 And "bonnie lassies" laughing free,
 That had not lived on this good earth,
 To love and labor, but for me;
 And shall I pine for childhood's joys,
 For woodland walks and violets blue,
 While round me merry girls and boys
 Are doing what I used to do?

My days of toil, my years of care,
 Have never chilled my spirit's flow,
 Or made one flower of life less fair
 Than in the spring-time long ago.
 The paths I trod were sometimes rough,
 And sharp and piercing to my feet;
 Yet there were daisied walks enough
 To make it all seem smooth and sweet.

Friends that I loved have passed from sight
 Before me to the spirit home;
 But in the day that knows no night,
 I know they'll greet me when I come.
 Hopes that I cherished, too, were vain;
 But I have lived to feel and know
 That were life to live o'er again,
 'Twere better that it should be so.

At every winding of the way,
 I've sought for love, and love have given;
 For love can cheer the darkest day,
 And make the poorest home a heaven.

O ye who're passing down, like me,
Life's autumn side, be brave and strong,
And teach the lisper at your knee
That fifty years is not so long;
That if they would be ever young
And free from dolorous pain and care,
The life-harp must be ever strung
With love of duty everywhere.

As violins in foreign lands,
Broken and shattered o'er and o'er,
When mended and in skilful hands,
Make sweeter music than before,
So, oft the heart, by sorrow torn,
Gives forth a loftier, clearer song
Than that which greeted us at morn,
When it was new, and brave, and strong.

Father, I thank thee for them all,
These fifty years which now are passed;
Oh! guide me, guard me, till the fall
Of death my form shall hide at last.
Let me in love and kindness still
Live on, nor e'er grow hard and cold;
Bend me and break me to thy will,
But may my spirit ne'er grow old!

TRANS MARE.

My spirit droops beneath these unloved skies,
I! the free daughter of the far-off hills!
Born where the blue-peaked, misty mountains
rise—

Trod by the shining feet of many rills;
My childhood nursed amid a land's romance,
Filled with the legends of a thousand years,
Forever through my dreams its waters glance,
Forever waves the corn its golden ears.

And yet this land is beautiful and young,
Yea! lovely as the new-made earth of God,
When through its unpressed grass the first flow-
ers sprung,

Ere yet its silent valleys had been trod.
Fair its dark woodlands sweep unto the sea,
Cresting the low, soft hills with their green
crowns,

Through a most liquid azure sailing free
The white clouds swim above the sunny downs.

And there are rivers rushing like wild steeds,
Tossing the white foam fur, their floating
manes;

And soft the night-winds murmur through the
reeds,

And bend the long grass rippling o'er the
plains.

Starts from the forest path, the shy, fleet fawn.
Brushing the heavy dew from strange wild
flowers;

And glows warm summer over lake and lawn,
Not with the half-veiled loveliness of ours.

But oh! 'tis all too present, and too real:
No memories crown the green and gorgeous
land,

No magic shadows from the old ideal
Haunt the lone vale—the mountain gorges
grand;

Floats o'er the bosom of the fair blue lake
No legend, mingling with its wave, sun-kissed,
No airy hosts their cloudy banners shake,
Rising at evening from its purple mist.

No fairies dance upon the moonlit green,
No Dryads linger in the scented woods,
Ne'er the white Naiad's gleaming hair was seen
Where dip the flowers into the silent floods.
Here, childhood's self is wise, and weird, and
pale,
Nor long it listens with undoubting eyes,
To Sinbad's travels in the "Diamond Vale,"
Or how the "Giant Slayer" climbed the skies.

Nor long they weep above the leaves that shade
The unforgotten "Children of the Wood,"
Or follow sadly through the summer glade
Poor foolish, flower-loving "Red Riding
Hood."

This is the twilight land of thought, whereon
The spent waves of old Europe's glory pour,
Flinging the dancing foam afar that shone,
A soiled and ragged selvage on the shore.

O dreamer! make not *here* thy rapt delay.
Or fling thy finer fancies to the wind,
As the wrecked swimmer plunging in the spray
Flings his impeding vesture first behind.
If, charmed, you listen to a siren song,
Or watch the pallid glory of a star,
Then shall you fall amid the trampling throng,
And iron Progress crush thee 'neath his car.
—*Dublin University Magazine.* ENUL.

THE RETURNED LETTERS.

I.

How she strives her grief to smother!
Tears fall on the snowy page;
To a daughter writes the mother,
Calls her *home* to cheer her age.
Weary then with looking—longing,
Weeks and weeks pass sadly by;
All the past to memory thronging—
Hoping on, but—no reply.
Till at last there comes a letter:
'Tis *her own*, she traces there,—
Better she had died,—far better,—
"Gone away, and not known where."

II.

From her home across the ocean,
Blotted with repentant tears,
Writes the daughter her emotion—
How she turns to earlier years;
Prays that Heav'n may bless her mother,
Tells her of her wedded joy,
How she left her for another—
Sends the picture of her boy.
Then she waits to be forgiven,
Till another year has fled;
Back *her* letter, torn and riven,
Comes,—and on it written—"DEAD."

J. E. CARPENTER.

From The Saturday Review.

THE HUNTING-GROUNDS OF THE OLD WORLD.*

THE sporting recollections of the gentleman who, with a modesty which appears to be somewhat superfluous, conceals his name under the initials H. A. L., are even more extensive and diversified than is usually the case with Indian officers. They extend not only over all parts of India, but to Circassia and Algeria; and they conclude, appropriately enough, with a chapter upon the use and different descriptions of fire-arms. H. A. L.'s style is less simple, and aims rather more at fine writing, than that of most of his fellow-sportsmen; but on the whole his book is exceedingly amusing, and its blemishes are very few and very pardonable. Since the year 184—, for he seems as modest about the precise dates as he is about his name,—he has been a hunter, constantly growing by practice mightier and mightier. His earlier feats were performed upon sambar or jungle deer, which are not unlike the Scotch red deer, except that they are considerably larger. Some of these he contrived, with the assistance of a friend, to shoot, by way of initiation into Indian sporting. His account of the pursuit of them reads very like parts of Fenimore Cooper's novels, as the deer have to be followed with all sorts of precautions through jungles which are almost impassable, and in which the track is followed up with a tact only attainable either by practice so early and continuous as to resemble an instinct, or by long and careful study and observation.

From deer H. A. L., promoted himself to wild boars, which are ridden upon with spears, after a fashion which can only be compared to fox-hunting without hounds—the fox being replaced by an animal which is perfectly qualified, both by his strength and by his fierceness, to put both the men and the horses who pursue him into the most imminent danger. On one occasion, the horse of one of H. A. L.'s companions was cut down by the rush of a boar which had just received a spear through the loins, and the painful duty of shooting him devolved on H. A. L. himself. The story is told in a really affecting manner. "I saw at a glance that it was a hopeless case, and tapping N— on the shoulder, I gave a significant look to the small pistol that I always carried loaded in my belt. The poor animal, in spite of his agony, recognized his master, for he raised himself up partly from the ground, and rubbed his nose against his shoulder in a most affectionate manner. N— kissed his forehead, and passing his

* *The Hunting-Grounds of the Old World.* By the "Old Shekarry," H. A. L. London: Saunders, Otley, and Co. 1860.

hand across his eyes, rushed into the jungle, saying, 'Do not let him linger.' When his back was turned I placed the muzzle of my pistol to the suffering animal's temple, and pulled the trigger."

Boars introduce the subject of tigers; and H. A. L., like Captain Shakespear, whose work we recently noticed, has a great deal to say upon that subject. He has the satisfaction of being able to recollect that he put to death a confirmed man-eater, which was supposed to have devoured about a hundred persons, and was proved to have killed twenty-two, as parts of that number of bodies were found in his lair by H. A. L. and his companions who beat the jungle for him. The sight was one of the most revolting that could possibly be witnessed. The comments of the party appear to have been singularly characteristic. "What a fearfully sickening sight it is," said the first. "I wish we had brought some beer with us," added the second. "Poor woman," remarked the third; "here is a lock of her hair I found sticking to my boot. I shall keep it." A day or two afterwards H. A. L. went alone in the evening to a place where the tiger was in the habit of springing on passers-by, and was fortunate enough to attract his attention. The man-eater sprang into the path close by him, and was met by a rifle ball which disabled him, whilst a second laid him dead.

Another tiger was at any rate somewhat more fortunate in his death—in so far, that is, as it can be considered a comfort to be revenged of one's enemies in such a case. He struck down one of H. A. L.'s native servants and killed him on the spot, immediately after which he was himself shot through the head. The hunt at which this incident took place is excellently described. H. A. L., with a friend and his native servants, encamped for a day or two near a large pool formed by a mountain stream descending from the Neilgherry hills, which was the resort of all the animals of the neighboring forest for the purpose of drinking. A sort of hut was erected on the top of a huge black boulder ten feet high, in such a manner that the rifles commanded all approaches, either to the rock or the pool. All day and all night the pool was visited by different birds and beasts, each animal selecting its appropriate time. At midday all animated nature appears to be overcome by the fierce heat; but as the day wears on, butterflies flutter about, whilst bees, beetles, and myriads of insects keep up a perpetual hum, which "produces an effect singularly strange, soothing, and dreamy." This sound is varied at times by the cries of peacocks and jungle fowl, the chattering of monkeys, and the screams of paroquets. Towards evening the birds return homeward from their feed-

ing grounds—flamingoes, pelicans, ibises, storks, herons, egrets, and plovers; and as the night comes on, moths flit about, frogs croak, and crickets chirp, "keeping up a perpetual serenade." "Then is heard the whooping of the great rock-monkeys, the bark of the elk, the mournful howling of the hyena, the unearthly shrieking of jackals, the trumpeting of elephants as they crash through the underwood. At intervals, the distant roar of a prowling tiger is re-echoed among the hollow arches of the forest, as he leaves his lair in its inmost recesses to search in the plains for prey, and great horned owls flit past on muffled wings with strange sepulchral cries, like evil spirits of darkness."

Whilst encamped in this romantic situation, the hunters shot two tigers, a deer, and a huge carp weighing upwards of sixty pounds. This creature met its death from a ramrod which was fired at it out of a common musket, with a cord and some wire attached. The ramrod passed completely through it, and carried the wire and part of the cord with it, but such was its strength that it took an hour's work to get it landed. The whole of this hunt was successful, several bisons and some wild elephants forming part of the spoil. One of the latter was a "rogue"—that is, he was a beast who had been turned out of the herd by the other elephants, and was marked in various places with the scars which he had received in fighting with them. These rogues, from their solitary life, become morose and vicious, and will, without provocation, attack any one they happen to meet.

H. A. L.'s Circassian experience has more novelty than his Indian stories. After the conclusion of peace with the Russians, he made his way into Circassia with six attendants—an Arnout, a Koord, a Nubian, a Khabyle, a Hindoo fakeer, and another Hindoo who had been sold as a slave in his childhood to the Circassians. This motley group was the remnant of a troop of Bashibazouks which H. A. L. commanded on the Danube before our troops landed at Varna, and which was composed of men of twenty-seven different nations. Circassia abounds in all sorts of game. "It is my belief," says the author, "that swans, ducks, geese of all kinds, besides snipe and woodcock, choose these secluded and almost inaccessible spots to herd in, migrating here for that purpose from all the other countries of Europe." "I killed in one day in a jheel (marsh), near the foot of the Abassadagh mountain, fourteen miles from Tshamshira, thirty-four brace of woodcock, eleven couple of snipe, seven geese, and sixty-one ducks, and could have continued the slaughter, were it not that the villagers, for whose benefit it was intended, declared that they could not carry more away." The east coast of the Black Sea is

a wonderfully beautiful and interesting country, and is prolific in strange adventures. One of the stories which H. A. L. heard there sounds like an exaggeration of the well-known anecdote of the bird-catcher of the Hebrides, who to save his own life cut away from under him the rope by which his father and brother were suspended. Eleven Abbassians, with five Russian prisoners—four men and a woman—were returning home from an expedition across a steppe covered with snow. After a time they found that they were pursued by a horde of wolves. They hastened at their utmost speed towards the nearest hamlet, which was seven miles off, but their horses were tired, and the wolves gained on them. They then "determined to sacrifice the prisoners one by one, so as to gain time for the rest to escape." They began by hamstringing the woman's horse, and she and it were in a moment torn to pieces, but ground was gained. After a time the wolves again approached, and all the prisoners were sacrificed, one after the other. Two of their own party then fell; a third—an old man whose sons were present—killed his horse, and so gave himself up to the beasts. Another man and horse were shot by the leader of the party; and at last the remainder, with one exception, reached a hut and barricaded themselves in it. The remaining man was devoured with his horse before their eyes. The wolves stayed round the hut for nearly two days, trying to get in, and eating up such of their own number as were killed or wounded by the fire from within; but in the course of the second night a violent storm arose, and they took themselves off, leaving the six survivors to escape.

H. A. L.'s principal feat in Circassia (besides shooting an enormous bear, four feet high at the shoulder) was the ascent of Mount El-Bruz, the highest mountain in the country. He did not get to the top, but only to one of the lower peaks, from which, however, he had a magnificent view extending from the Black Sea to a dense mist in the opposite direction, which as he supposed overhung the Caspian. The ascent was adventurous enough, as a huge lammergeier, measuring nearly ten feet across his wings, was shot, as well as an ibex with horns thirty-four inches long. One of the party, a Nubian, died in the descent—probably from heart disease.

The concluding chapter relates to Algeria, and is less interesting than its predecessors, as H. A. L. could not persuade the lions which he hunted to come and be killed. He had the pleasure of hearing one of them snore and grunt, and he very nearly fell on the top of him in a ditch some six feet deep. The lion was dreadfully frightened, and ran away; and H. A. L. got an attack of fever.

From The Spectator, 16 June.

BARON GROS' EMBASSY TO CHINA AND JAPAN.*

If publishers were much in the habit of letting their business transactions be governed by sentimental motives, we should not be so entirely unable, as we confess ourselves to be, to assign any plausible reason for the appearance of M. de Moges' lively but shallow little book in an English dress. It was a mere waste of labor to translate it, except as an act of international courtesy, which indeed would be the more laudable for being wholly gratuitous. Although M. de Moges was officially concerned in the proceedings of the French embassy to China and Japan, he writes like a dilettante, and there is little in his gossip that can interest the countrymen of Mr. Oliphant, Captain Sherard Osborne, and Mr. Wingrove Cooke. The most novel thing we find in his notice of Tien-tsin is, an account of some Chinese caricatures of the foreign devils, with which the latter were greatly amused. "One of them represented a European accoutred after the most outrageous fashion, buying a *hedghegog*, working himself into a state of excitement to drive a hard bargain, but at last making the purchase with a big bag of money." A capital emblem surely of the nature and results of our diplomacy in China; it gives us a higher opinion than we had yet conceived of Chinese wit. How often have the rogues made us pay dear for what was worth little, and pricked our fingers when we tried to lay hold on it! When sailing down the Peiho, after the conclusion of the treaty, M. de Moges picked up a story worth telling:—

"We passed near the junk of M. Delorisse, the naval officer, who, having charge of the transport service between Tien-tsin and Pecheli, had been for some time living with a few European sailors in the midst of the enemy's country. We learned, to our surprise, that he had hanged two Chinamen the night before. Two of his sailors had gone on shore, in the usual way, to buy provisions, and had been attacked at the corner of a street. One of them had received six deadly wounds from a spear. M. Delorisse armed his twelve Europeans, gave his junk in charge to the Chinese crew, and set out in pursuit of the mandarins of the village. He told them that, if they did not deliver up the perpetrators, their own heads would suffer for it. They brought the guilty parties without delay. One was already dead from wounds he had received. The two others were alive. They were hanged from the mast of the junk. A very

curious incident, illustrative of Chinese manners, imparted a touch of the ridiculous to this fatal occurrence. Three old men came on board. They had been sent by the relations to offer themselves as substitutes for the prisoners. They were willing, they said, to be hanged in lieu of those who had committed the offence. They were very much surprised when their offer was refused by the commander, and, indeed, on leaving any one seeing them would have said that they had been badly used by him. Had their proposal been accepted, they would have obtained a large sum in return for their lives, which would have enriched their relations for years. They had missed a good bargain in consequence of the childish scruples of the French officer. These extraordinary transactions are not uncommon in the history of the Chinese empire, and, indeed, they are closely interwoven with Chinese manners. The English have often been deceived in this way on the Canton River when they have endeavored to obtain justice from the mandarins for attacks upon their countrymen. In such cases, poor creatures, who had voluntarily taken the place of the murderers, and who were perfectly innocent of the crime, have been executed with great solemnity in presence of the persons appointed by the European authorities to see that the punishment was actually inflicted."

Having finished his business at Tien-tsin, Baron Gros took the opportunity of visiting the Great Wall to ascertain the truth of the statement, that it begins at the seaward near the entrance of the Gulf of Leotung. He found what he sought:—

"We had before us the most interesting and most picturesque scene in China. Along the coast lay a spacious plain, covered with rich meadows, and dotted here and there with villages buried in the midst of trees. Further in the distance, the landscape was bounded by lofty mountains, some of which were abrupt and rocky, while others were wooded and green to their very summits. The general effect was magnificent, and, perhaps, only to be equalled among the Alpine valleys of Switzerland. The Great Wall gave it an additional charm. Terminating in the sea, covered with bastions and pagodas, and clambering over the wildest and most precipitous crags, it imparted a character to the whole landscape calculated to stir even the most sluggish imagination. At the foot of the wall, on the Chinese side, we could see the white tents of two Tartar encampments, the horses belonging to which were wandering at large in the surrounding pastures. The landscape, in the golden light of dawn, was charming. . . . Seen from the Chinese side, the Great Wall resembled a huge earthen mound crowned with battlements built of brick. Everywhere, it had an old and dilapidated appearance. In some places, it had been altogether destroyed. On the Manchurian side, on the other hand, the Great Wall seemed constructed of bricks, resting upon a basement of stone. It is flanked by square towers throughout its whole length.

* *Recollections of Baron Gros' Embassy to China and Japan in 1857-58.* By the Marquis de Moges, Attaché to the Mission. (Authorized Translation.) With Colored Illustrations. Published by Griffin, London.

These are placed at the distance of about two bow-shots, in order that the enemy may be everywhere within range. It descends into the sea in two parallel piers or jetties, which slope so gently that one can ascend to the top from the water flowing between them. The largest ships may approach within two miles of the wall, and, indeed, it is the very place at which visitors should, in future, disembark."

The members of the embassy landed under an escort of a dozen soldiers, for the purpose of exploring the Wall, but their intention was very civilly resisted by a force of three hundred Tartar horsemen, whom they could easily have kept at bay with the twelve bayonets of their escort and the revolvers of the civilians; but the French envoy was unwilling to engage in a quarrel upon a mere matter of curiosity. The French party were astonished to find that their Tartar friends, encamped almost at the gates of the capital, were not even aware of the fact that their government had been at war with France and England.

The visit to Japan occupies little more than fifty pages. The most notable thing in it is, an account of a misunderstanding occasioned by the manner in which the French envoy entered Yedo in the chair of state he

had brought with him from China. The incident is not without interest, as showing how easily Europeans may be led, by their ignorance of Japanese peculiarities, into giving unintentional offence:—

"The evening before, in the historical chair which had figured at Tien-tsin, Baron Gros had made his entrance into the town, carried by eight Japanese coolies decked out as Chinamen. Now, it appears that it is a thing quite unknown in Japan, for a native to appear in Chinese garments; it is an enormity—a violation of all propriety. It is more; it is a crime. On this occasion, the unfortunate coolies were not considered the only guilty parties. Six hundred Japanese officials, who had not prevented the offence, were sentenced to a hundred days' imprisonment! Here, then, was a total of sixty thousand days imprisonment, all on account of this unlucky palanquin. The ambassador was much annoyed when he heard of this proceeding, and took care to get the prisoners immediately liberated. But if a wholesome respect for Japanese legislation had been taught the two hundred officers sent by the taicoon to guard and watch us, they had also been alarmed to an extent painful to us, lest we should be found wanting in respect for those rites to which the government attached so much importance, without their having it in their power to keep us right."

THE last hours of La Fayette are described by M. Guizot, who belonged to a younger generation; but who, in all likelihood, will not see the end of the French Revolution:—

"No life had ever been more passionately political than his; no man had ever placed his ideas and political sentiments more constantly above all other prepossessions or interests. But politics were utterly unconnected with his death. Ill for three weeks, he approached his last hour. His children and household surrounded his bed; he ceased to speak, and it was doubtful whether he could still see. His son George observed that with uncertain gesture he sought for something in his bosom. He came to his father's assistance, and placed in his hand a medallion which he always wore suspended round his neck. M. de La Fayette raised it to his lips; this was his last motion. That medallion contained a miniature and a lock of hair of Madame de La Fayette, his wife, whose loss he had mourned for twenty-seven years. Thus, already separated from the entire world, alone with the thought and image of the devoted companion

of his life,—he died. In arranging his funeral, it was a recognized fact in the family, that M. de La Fayette had always wished to be buried in the small cemetery adjoining the convent of Picpus, by the side of his wife, in the midst of victims of the Revolution, the greater part royalists and aristocrats, whose ancestors had founded that pious establishment. The desire of the veteran of 1789 was scrupulously respected and complied with. An immense crowd—soldiers, national guards, and populace—accompanied the funeral procession along the boulevards and streets of Paris. Arrived at the gate of the convent of Picpus, the crowd halted; the interior enclosure could only admit two or three hundred persons. The family, the nearest relatives, and the principal authorities entered, passed through the convent in silence, then across the garden, and finally entered the cemetery. There no political manifestation took place; no oration was pronounced; religion and the intimate reminiscences of the soul alone were present; public politics assumed no place near the death-bed or the grave of the man whose life they had occupied and ruled."

From The Saturday Review.

JOHNSON'S LIVES OF THE POETS.*

SCARCELY any book written a century ago enjoys greater popularity now than Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*. Many of the biographies still remain the only readable account of minor poets; and if the lives of the greater poets have since received more elaborate notices, they have never been described and criticised with more judgment and wit. Johnson's book was the first work of criticism written in the modern fashion, and the greater part of it is exactly what the critics of the present day would say if they knew how to say it. It is only as a model of critical writing that we now propose to speak of so well-known a work. Few educated persons have failed to enjoy, at some time of their lives, the pleasure of reading these charming volumes; but it is necessary not only to read, but to reread them, in order to see what we may term their critical construction—the principles on which the criticism is based, and the arts by which it is set off to so much advantage. Much the greater part of criticism consists in applying common sense to decide on the value of what has been written, and in stating the result in a telling style. In this department of criticism Johnson is unrivalled, and so far his criticising must remain a permanent model to all English critics. A few examples will best show what we mean, and as examples may be best taken from the *Lives* which are probably most familiar to the reader we will confine ourselves to those of Pope and Swift. These two *Lives* supply abundant instances both of the application of Johnson's strong common sense, and of the happy turns of language which gave point to the expression of his judgment. There is also another department of criticism in which the critic shows his appreciation of authors whom he thoroughly admires, and connects the particular views of the author whom he is studying with a general system of morals. Here Johnson is, we think, greatly inferior to the critics who have succeeded him, and especially to Coleridge. His moral remarks are indeed, so badly expressed, and so near the surface, that they may be examined rather as warnings than as models. There are moral passages in the *Lives* so bad as to make a critic feel reasonably alarmed, and incline him to abstain from moral remarks altogether. It is only for the pungent expression of the dictates of common sense that Johnson deserves any high praise as a critic.

We may class the instances in which his

* *Johnson's Lives of the Poets*. London: Murray.

common sense is eminently and successfully displayed under the several heads of the examination of particular biographical facts, the criticism of ideas and notions peculiar to the poet of whom he is speaking, and the exposure of delusions more widely entertained, but connected with the circumstances of the poet's history. Under the first head, the instances will necessarily be of rather a trivial nature; but most of the facts of any man's life are trivial, except to himself, and it is one of the first duties of biographical criticism to pass a rapid judgment or raise a passing doubt, so as to put these trivial facts before the reader's mind in the right light. It so happens that both in the *Life* of Swift and in that of Pope, there is an example of this kind of criticism as applied to statements regarding the trivial subject of the poet's eating. Johnson tells us that Swift attributed the illness which tormented him through life to an indiscretion which he committed as a boy in eating too largely of fruit. Ninety-nine biographers out of a hundred would have let this statement pass. Swift might be expected to be the best judge of his own stomach; and if he said that he made himself ill with eating fruit, why should he be contradicted? But Johnson remarks, that "the original of diseases is commonly obscure. Almost every boy eats as much fruit as he can get without any great inconvenience." This is obvious, but it is also undeniable; and after we have read it, we feel very doubtful as to the cause of Swift's illness. In the same way he tells us that Pope was very fond of good living, and that his kind friends ascribed his death to the free use of a silver saucepan in which he used to boil lampreys. On this Johnson unanswerably observes, "That he loved too well to eat, is certain; but that his sensuality shortened his life will not be hastily concluded, when it is remembered that a conformation so irregular lasted six-and-fifty years, notwithstanding such pertinacious diligence of study and meditation."

There cannot be a better instance of critical common sense applied to the opinions of a particular poet than is afforded by the commentary which Johnson appends to the story of the Unfortunate Lady on whom Pope wrote his elegy. He gravely tells the story first—how the lady loved, was separated, and died rather than endure the separation; and he then remarks, "From this account, given with evident intention to raise the lady's character, it does not appear that she had any claim to praise, nor much to compassion. She seems to have been impatient, violent, and ungovernable. Her uncle's power could not have lasted long; the hour of liberty and choice would have come in time. But her desires were too hot

for delay, and she liked self-murder better than suspense." This is a perfectly just and legitimate account of the facts as stated, and yet the Unfortunate Lady is entirely annihilated by them. The reader enjoys the pleasure of seeing things put upon a sound footing, and this pleasure is, perhaps, heightened by the consciousness that, until he read the common-sense criticism, he thought the Unfortunate Lady a very interesting young woman. Of course every thing depends on the criticism in such a case being perfectly legitimate. It is easy to vulgarize every subject of poetry by describing it in the language of contemptuous prose. But we feel that if the history of this lady was as it is represented by her admirers, it was very little to her credit, and that therefore she never deserved to be made a heroine. Much in the same way, Johnson comments on a passage in the preface to the *Miscellanies*, in which Pope complains of the robberies committed upon authors by the clandestine seizure and sale of their papers, and states that the cabinets of the sick and the closets of the dead have been broken open and ransacked. We naturally accept the fact as historical, and feel a generous indignation at the wrong done to such illustrious men, until we read Johnson's sarcastic remark—"as if those violences were often committed for papers of uncertain and accidental value, which are rarely provoked by real treasures—as if epigrams and essays were in danger where gold and diamonds are safe." So, again, by a few caustic sentences, Johnson entirely dissipates all the admiration which Pope tried to raise in his readers by speaking slightly of what he had written. "One of Pope's favorite topics," says Johnson, "is contempt of his own poetry. For this, if it had been real, he would deserve no commendation; and in this he was certainly not sincere, for his high value of himself was sufficiently observed; and of what could he be proud but of his poetry?"

Among the delusions which Johnson notices as shared by the particular poet of whom mention is being made, but also as common to many other people, may be instanced the supposition of Swift that he honored himself by affecting an equality with the great, and the supposition of Pope that the whole world was absorbed in thinking what he and his literary friends were doing. Johnson tells us that in Swift's letters there frequently appears "an affectation of familiarity with the great, an ambition of momentary equality sought and enjoyed by the neglect of those ceremonies which custom has established between one rank and another." He then proceeds to hold up this affectation to ridicule, and to justify himself for doing

so. "This transgression of regularity was by Swift and his admirers termed greatness of soul. But a great mind disdains to hold any thing by courtesy, and, therefore, never usurps what a lawful claimant may take away." The exposure of Pope's delusion is still better, because it is not quite so solemn. "It is evident," Johnson says, "that Pope's own importance swells often in his mind. He is afraid of writing lest the clerks of the post-office should know his secrets; he has many enemies; he considers himself as surrounded by universal jealousy;" "after many deaths and many dispersions, two or three of us, says Pope, may still be brought together, not to plot, but to divert ourselves, and the world too, if it pleases," and we can live together and "show what friends wits may be, in spite of all the fools in the world." Johnson proceeds to make mince-meat of this. "All this while it was likely that the clerks did not know his hand; he certainly had no more enemies than a public character like his inevitably excites; and with what degree of friendship the wits might live very few were so much fools as ever to inquire." Considering that Johnson himself lived among all the wits of his time, and was the centre of one of the best literary circles that have ever been formed in England, it is in the highest degree creditable to him, that his common sense was too strong to allow him to suppose that society may be divided into a knot of literary gods and a mass of outside worshippers. It is to be regretted that his common sense has not descended in any large or complete degree to this generation.

Critical common sense is, however, never very effective unless it is aided by a telling and pointed style. Partly by a natural gift, partly by long practice, Johnson had the power of putting his common sense in nearly as good a form as it could be put in; and it is interesting to observe how he produces the effect which every reader, however rapid, cannot fail to admire. Sometimes there is a single expression which is either ambitious or neat enough to arrest our attention. Thus, in speaking of the influence exercised by Martha Blount in determining Pope to insert an insult to Mr. Allen in his will, he says, "Pope suffered his testament to be polluted with female resentment." But generally the style is rather pointed than ambitious. Slight sarcasms are put indirectly, and almost as matters of fact. Thus we are told that Swift obtained his degree at Dublin by special favor—"a term used in that university to denote want of merit." This is quite in the vein of the best jokes of the Dictionary. Sometimes the sarcasm is skillfully veiled in the narrative, and the com-

ment on a course of proceeding is put in the shape of a historical fact. Pope, for instance, is said to have attempted to terrify the world by a threat that he would not write any more. Johnson quietly adds, "When he talked of laying down his pen, those who sat round him entreated and implored; and self-love did not suffer him to suspect that they went away and laughed." Johnson had no means whatever of knowing that, as a fact, they did go away and laugh, but he wishes to insinuate it was likely they did so; and, in order to insinuate it strongly, he states it as historically true. He is often also extremely happy in adding a metaphorical illustration at the end of a piece of sarcastic reasoning, so as to terminate the passage with as much point as possible. For instance, in the part of Pope's life to which we have already referred, where the poet is stated to have complained of the danger to which literary papers are exposed. Johnson ends by saying, "A cat hunted for its musk is, according to Pope's account, but the emblem of a wit winded by the booksellers." The introduction of the technical word "*winded*" in this sentence is a little master-stroke of neat writing.

Usually Johnson, where he is really good, is more elaborate; and where he is sarcastic, he generally gains by the involved and highly wrought construction of his sentences. It is only when he is didactic and moral that he is tedious and confused. The concluding words of the following passage about Pope's grotto at Twickenham are perhaps rather stilted, but otherwise afford a model of quiet ridicule. "A grotto is not often the wish or the pleasure of an Englishman, who has more frequent need to solicit than to exclude the sun; but Pope's excavation was requisite as an entrance to his garden, and as some men try to be proud of their defects, he extracted an ornament from an inconvenience, and vanity produced a grotto where necessity enforced a passage." Johnson also understood the art of condensing a long train of reasoning into a single sentence. For example, he thus disposes of Swift's project of an English Academy, and of the reasoning by which the project was supported. "The certainty and stability which, contrary to all experience, he thinks attainable, he proposes to secure by instituting an Academy, the decrees of which every man would have been willing, and many would have been proud, to disobey, and which, being renewed by successive elections, would in a short time have differed from itself." If the reasoning contained in this sentence had been drawn out fully, it would have filled a closely printed octavo page. The same sort of skill is exhibited in many

passages where different opinions on the same point are brought into close juxtaposition, and the reader is led up to thinking the one last assigned is the best. Thus, Johnson tells us that Swift often slept at a penny lodging, and then goes on:—"This practice Lord Orrery imputes to his innate love of grossness and vulgarity; some may ascribe it to his desire of surveying human life through all its varieties; and others, perhaps with equal probability, to a passion which seems to have been deeply fixed in his heart, the love of a shilling." A writer who can frame such passages naturally delights in them, and Johnson is very fond of constructing his sentences in an inverted order merely because it pleases him to exercise his ingenuity and his command over language. He frequently frames his sentences in this way—"To charge those favorable representations which men give of themselves with the guilt of hypocritical falsehood would show more severity than knowledge." Here, we may observe, that not only is the language twisted, but the thought is highly condensed. For we do not suspect that any one would do the thing that is denounced until we find it denounced, and the offence is thus hypothetically inserted in a sentence framed to condemn it. In the same way Johnson says, in the Life of Swift—"Three years afterwards was published the *Tale of a Tub*. Of this book charity may be persuaded to think that it might be written by a man of peculiar character without ill intention, but it is certainly of dangerous example." From this sentence we have to gather that the *Tale of a Tub* is a dangerous book—that it is not certain whether the author designed it should be so—that it would require a charitable mind to believe he did not—that it is not certain that any mind, however charitable, could believe it—that in any case it must take much persuasion to come to such a conclusion—that charity itself would only believe that the author might have written innocently, not that he did so—and that he could not possibly have done so unless he had been of a peculiar character. To condense all this into a neat flowing sentence shows great skill, and the author will generally be rewarded by the pleasure he takes in its construction. It does not, however, follow that he will always please all readers. The mass of mankind is too indolent, and reads too hastily, to consider elaborate and condensed sentences any thing but a bore. The few who take the pains to unravel them will rate them as highly as the thought expended on them deserves. But the many will much prefer something simpler and plainer, and the popularity of Johnson has been sustained because his

style in narration is simple, and his more pointed and sarcastic sentences are often short and neat.

Johnson, as we have said, was not great in appreciatory criticism. He was far too generous not to praise heartily when he praised at all, and every thing he praises would be praised in these days for the exact qualities he finds in it to approve. He is far too good a critic to be always sneering. Nothing can be warmer and more unreserved than his panegyric on Dryden's *Odes* and Pope's *Rape of the Lock*. But he did not care much for the very highest poetry, and he had none of the metaphysical analysis which Coleridge worked with so much subtlety a

few years later. His style also is full of imperfection whenever he begins to indulge in reflections that belong to his own philosophy of morals. Those dreadful sentences beginning with "He that," and divided off into couplets of opposed adjectives and substantives, are not so frequent in the *Lives* as they are in his earlier works; but they come much too often. They were perhaps appropriate and acceptable to the age in which they appeared, and we may hope that it is a sign of our advancing virtue that they are no longer palatable to us. At any rate, they prevent our regarding the *Lives* as a model of more than partial excellence for modern criticism to imitate.

MAKING GAS FROM PRAIRIE STONES.—The Chicago *Democrat* chronicles an important discovery which has recently been made in that vicinity. It says a large quantity of "prairie stone," near the western suburbs of that city, has been found to yield immense quantities of gas and saltpetre. The particulars of the discovery, which was brought about while searching for indications of oil, are as follows:—

"A small bit of this stone, a piece perhaps four inches square, was taken by Mr. Wm. Cumberland, a well-known chemist of this city, a day or two since, for the purpose of endeavoring to extract oil from it. The experiment, so far as the end in view was concerned, was a failure—but in the progress of it other discoveries were made of startling importance and great interest. The stone has been broken up and placed in a retort, which was then subjected to the action of the heat. A vapor was seen to issue from the neck of the retort, and on a match being applied it ignited and burned brilliantly for half an hour. It gave a light fully equal to the same volume of coal-gas, and emitted no odor of any kind! The burned stone was then analyzed, and found to contain fifty per cent of saltpetre, which being removed, the residue was excellent lime!

"Here indeed was a discovery! A stone was found existing in inexhaustible quantities, and obtainable at very little cost, which made gas as well and as freely as the best coal; which yielded fifty per cent of pure saltpetre; and which then was as good lime as could be had anywhere.

"Additional experiments having been performed, in the presence of the superintendent of the gas works, and others, resulting in a confirmation of the discovery, arrangements have been made to experiment on the manufacture of gas from prairie stone.

"A retort and gasometer will be prepared at

the gas works, and a large quantity of stone submitted to a test which will leave no doubt of the practical benefits growing out of this unexpected discovery.

"The Chicago Stone Coal-Mining Company have, as it were, stumbled into an almost incalculable fortune. They own twenty acres of land filled with this treble-valuable stone, and suddenly find it advancing in value from six to eight dollars to forty or fifty dollars a cord!"

WILLIAM THE SILENT.—In the recently published volume of Lord Macaulay's *Biographies*, there occurs a sentence which somewhat carelessly endorses a popular and erroneous view of the characteristics of a great man. Speaking of parliamentary government as it shaped itself in England from Pitt's day downwards, Lord Macaulay observes: "In a perilous crisis, such men" (as Windham and Townshend) "would have been found far inferior in all the qualifications of a ruler to such a man as Oliver Cromwell, who talked nonsense, or as William the Silent, who did not talk at all." It is a common error—clearly sustained here by Lord Macaulay—that the great founder of Batavian liberty was a man habitually taciturn, or deficient in the gift of eloquence. William of Orange was a remarkably eloquent speaker, and could and did deliver, when occasion needed, lengthened, powerful, and brilliant speeches. In private life he was joyous, genial, and rich in conversational talent. As you are aware, he was nicknamed "The Silent," simply because he gave abundant proof that he could hold his tongue when it was wise not to speak, and because, in one peculiar and memorable instance, his self-control led to the revelation of a famous royal plot against Protestantism.

J. M'C.

From The United Service Magazine.
A TRIP IN THE HIMALAYAHS.

THE long-looked-for 1st October has at length arrived, and I am now entitled to my month's holiday. The windows of heaven are closed for the season, Binsur and Nundidevy have thrown off their cloud caps. The main chain is become more interesting by a light fall of snow, and every intermediate mountain ridge is sharp and clear as if freshly moulded by Nature's hand.

I have, therefore, disburdened myself of the cares of professional duty, shaken off the harness of society, withdrawn myself from its pleasures and perversities, and am about to plunge deep into the sublimities of the Himalayahs.

I should most willingly have had a comrade or two, but it is not every officer that can accomplish such a journey. Some are too lazy, some are not gifted with the necessary length of wind and tension of muscle, some have no appreciation of the picturesque, the stern economy of subaltern rank restrains some who have the necessary physical qualifications, and a giddy head and nervous temperament unfit others, possessing ample means to meet every contingency. So I must perform my pilgrimage alone—alone so far as the want of fellow-feeling and interchange of sentiment constitute solitude, for I can expect nothing of that sort from my native fellow-travellers.

To the European traveller, with his knapsack on his back, and his hotel at the end of his day's journey, or the grandee with his family-coach and his *posse* of inmates and outside domestics, the ways and means for a month's journey in the Himalayahs will appear intolerable; but there is no help for it, and every thing beyond the simplest fare of the native bazaar must be carried along with one.

My kit consists of a small tent, ten feet by eight, a bed, six feet by two; a table and chair, cooking pots and crockery; thirty pints of Guinness' stout, thirty pints Allsop's ale, three bottles sherry, three bottles of brandy, a fat sheep to kill when wanted, a round of beef, a ham, three tongues, thirty pounds potatoes, fifteen pounds flour, eight pounds rice, three pounds candles, besides biscuit, sugar, tea, butter, and jams; a dozen fowls, a milch goat, a pair of ponies, a couple of pointers, a rifle and double gun, fishing-rod, pikestaff, telescope, etc., etc., etc.

For the carriage of the above, no fewer than seventeen coolies are required, and by a special favor, the magistrate has furnished me with a written *puwana* to indent for fresh men at the end of each day's journey, paying for the same at the rate of about 3d. each man for his day's hire.

My personal staff consists of a butler, a valet, a cook, a waterman, a washerman, a dog keeper, two grooms, and two grass-cutters, making up a marching establishment of about thirty individuals. With such a party I broke ground at Almora in progress to the far-famed shrine of Hindoo pilgrimage, Kedarnath, at the base of the great snowy chain.

Almora is the ancient capital of the Goorkah province of Kumaon, and the head-quarter station, both civil and military, of the company's government. The elevation above the sea is between five and six thousand feet, with a climate and vegetation almost European, and a residence here makes one forget he is in India.

Left dear old Almora about eight in the morning, and got to Hawalbagh about half-past nine—a very pretty little station on the banks of the very pretty little river, the Kossillah, where four companies of my regiment are cantoned.

The houses of the officers are excellent, surrounded with cedar trees, weeping willows, and fruit trees, amongst which the cherry, the plum, and the apricot predominate; myrtles and rose trees almost rival them in size, while the intervening patches are clothed in richest pasturage, or with a heavy crop of hay. The elevation of Hawalbagh is about fifteen hundred feet less than that of Almora; its climate is neither temperate nor tropical, but a happy union of the two extremes: the palm tree and the pine grow together on equal terms, and an extensive tea plantation, under the auspices of government, is here in full bearing, the tea bringing a market price far above that of Chinese growth.

A tea plantation resembles greatly a nursery of gooseberry bushes, the shrubs being about the same height and arranged in rows. The leaves are plucked several times during the season by native hands, and then made over in basketfuls to Chinamen, imported on purpose from China for completing the manufacture. The leaves are dried quickly in iron pots or ovens, and finally soldered up in tin and wooden boxes for the market either of India or Europe. I believe government would willingly withdraw from their plantations, and allow an opening for private capital, and the speculation would, undoubtedly, be a profitable one.

Crossed the Kossillah by a very fine suspension-bridge of iron, while the river ran rippling far below, clear as crystal, with shoals of fishes of the size of sea trouts steadying themselves in the stream, but sulky beasts that wont look at a hook. Marched up the right bank of the river till near sunset, through very fine scenery, in which the pine

tree was most conspicuous; many of the trees having a spiral twist like cordage, and not a few of them showing marks of having been tapped for their resin, or of having been set on fire by incendiaries.

I intended to have encamped at Somesur, but found I had got so far ahead of my followers that I thought it prudent to halt till they joined me, near a small village called Manar. Seeing me all alone the pudan, or head man, came to pay me his respects, bringing with him a bunch of plantains, and a lota of new milk. About dusk the tent came forward, but the coolies were heartily tired, so I had it pitched on the grassy road, while the followers found good shelter in an adjoining water mill.

I was glad to compound with my kidmutgar for a cold pie and a pint of beer for dinner; while the coolies, like glowworms, lighted up the darkness of the night with their cooking fires, and soon had a smoking supper before them. About eight I went to bed, under no apprehensions of being run over by a mail coach or a wagon, nor yet apprehensive of a midnight visit from a leopard or a tiger, the denizens of the neighboring forests. The tiger is too noble a hunter to prey upon humanity, and regales upon the wild deer of the jungle. However, when old and unable to hunt he turns homicide; he takes to the roads, and is very glad to find an old wife or a cripple on easy terms. Such tigers are called man-eaters, and when they fall by the hand of man they are found mangy and furless, which has given rise to the popular belief that the human nature of their diet deprived them of their fur.

Bears are numerous hereabouts, but they seldom act on the offensive, unless interfered with in grubbing up roots and gathering acorns; to meddle with them while so engaged, is very dangerous. The most frightful lacerations caused by their resentment are numerous in the hills; the human face divine being almost effaced. I have seen cases of eyes torn out, lips, and noses, and ears torn off, and the mouth and nose thrown into one hideous ravine, by the claws of bears. I remember the case of a man who was in the habit of tying one side of his lower lip to his ear by means of a string, and when he ate he was obliged to cast off the string and let the lip fall like a door off the hinges.

The leopard has not the courage to attack man, but prowls about like a cat, ever on the watch to carry away a dog, a sheep, or a goat. I have known a leopard break into a sheepcot at night, and kill and mangle a number of sheep. On one occasion a fine fat deer, whose hind leg I had amputated in consequence of a compound fracture of the

thigh bone, and which was wont to hop about most cleverly upon its three legs, was one morning found partly devoured in its fold. I have known a leopard in broad daylight make a dash at a large dog, and carry him off from under his master's stirrup as he rode through a jungle; I am, therefore, not unconcerned about my live mutton, and have given most stringent orders to have the sheep tied up in a place of safety. My two dogs I cannot trust to themselves, and have effected an insurance on their lives by chaining them to the tent poles, and my two guns stand ready loaded to meet any emergency.

As for danger from the natives, either in person or property, I have not the least apprehension: indeed, far less so than I should have in old England, for few travellers could encamp on a village common at home without being robbed.

2d October.—Slept soundly, notwithstanding the brawling of the Kossillah: mustered all hands at sunrise, and reached Somesur about nine. Had breakfast on my knees under a tree, indented on the pudan for fresh coolies, and renewed the march about eleven.

Somesur is a very extensive valley, with a number of thriving villages scattered over it, each surrounded with broad fields of rice ground; these fields, or khates as they are called, are all laid out in terraces rising one above the other like steps of a stair, extending uphill as high as the supply of water from a mountain-stream admits of irrigation. The stream is turned on upon the upper khate, and eventually irrigates all the others below it. The harvest had lately been gathered in, and the natives were busy having the grain trodden out by cattle, and winnowed. This they do by throwing the straw upon a smooth thrashing floor, and driving two or three muzzled oxen over it, till the grain is detached from the straw; thereafter, the straw is piled up in stacks upon the tops of the houses, upon long poles stuck into the ground, or upon the forks of trees. The rice is then winnowed by the wind, and stowed away in garners for the winter's consumption; it is unhusked as wanted by beating the grain in a wooden mortar with a heavy beam of wood shod with iron.

After leaving Somesur and the Kossillah valley, we passed over a ridge of mountains covered with oak and rhododendron forest, and after a weary long distance, arrived at Byznath, on the little river Goomty.

3d October.—Halted to-day at Byznath, several of my servants were knocked up; one of the sheep was dead-lame, and it was not yet convenient to save the mutton by killing it.

Byznath was a place of very sacred im-

portance many, many years ago, but two miserable villages alone represent a once populous city. Its importance may still be read in a few fine temples of a high description of architecture, filled with stone idols, beautifully carved, and in fine preservation, numerous enough to stock a museum. The country round Byznath is overgrown with grassy jungle, and extremely unhealthy, and this unhealthiness was probably the cause of its ruin.

The Goomty, a small river of the size of the Kossillah, running clearly over a shingly bottom, is very well stocked with fish, and these are partly domesticated, inasmuch, as they readily congregate like ducks, at a particular spot by beat of drum, to be fed by the Brahmins. I exerted my utmost skill to take one with the rod, but the water was too clear to admit of their being hooked; resolved not to be disappointed in having fish for dinner, I called for my rifle, and singling out the largest as he steadied himself in the stream, fired at his head and killed him; he instantly rolled over belly up, and floated down the river, when one of my men rushed into the middle and dragged him to shore, a fine fish of six or eight pounds' weight. The Brahmins were very much horrified at my impiety in killing what they considered a sacred animal, nearly as much so as if I had killed a child, and I narrowly escaped a prosecution in the civil court; however, the fish was very excellent to eat, notwithstanding.

Towards sunset a thunder-storm threatened our little camp, but so slowly did it advance, that ample time was found for preparation; so tent pins were driven home, extra out-rigger ropes were bent, and trenches outside and inside the tent were dug to carry off the surface water. At last the storm approached, and made the tent crack and flap like a wet umbrella; the water burst over the trenches and flowed through in full stream, but the little tent stood fast, and little damage was done. The sheelings erected by my people were all blown to pieces, and they were forced to seek shelter amongst the ruins.

4th October.—Spent a very uncomfortable night in cold and damp, and at daylight found the fog excessive: got fresh relays of coolies, and started about eight. As I ascended, every hair had its dewdrop, and I could have washed my face well with dew; rode uphill at first, then along an undulating slope, then up, up, up, through forests of most gigantic pine trees, each of which was fit for the main-mast of a ship of the line, but doomed to die and rot where it first raised its head. Halted for breakfast under a tree at a little village called Cooling;

as I rode into it, I asked a buxom damsel in Hindostanni, what was the name of her pretty village, when she smartly told me to ask the pudan, and ran off laughing at her smartness.

At ten started again, and after one tremendous ascent through oak and rhododendron forest, got to the summit of the ridge about noon, and after an hour's continued descent arrived at Cheeringee, on the banks of the river Pindar. Not a village nor a hut between Cooling and Cheeringee; road upon the whole pretty good. One could ride uphill, but not down, and the back sinews were sorely tried in the descent. A pikestaff and a pair of ammunition boots were invaluable. Those whose muscles are not well strung would do well to use a *dandy* in such descents. This consists of a long, stout pole, with a sort of hammock tied upon it, upon which the weary traveller may either sit or recline: four men carry it with ease.

5th October.—Descended the river Pindar by a very fair bridle road to Tirally. Here a wooden bridge was formerly erected over the river; but it was lately broken down by the floods. At present a gossamer sort of suspension bridge, made of straw ropes, connects the two banks. Though made by the natives themselves out of the raw materials of the country, it is very similar in principle to our iron suspension bridges. The footway is a mere ladder wound with a stratum of reeds. The whole affair looks, from a distance, like a gigantic cobweb waving to and fro with the wind. It is certainly very nervous work crossing it, with the roaring torrent raging below one, as I experienced. It is, of course, fit only for passengers. I intended swimming the ponies across, but the stream was too furious, and the banks on either side too steep and rocky to give a chance of their crossing alive. I was the less inclined to run the risk, as a pony only a few days before was drowned in the attempt to drag him across by means of a rope.

6th October.—Encamped near the village Harmoony. Tent pitched on one of the rice terraces, the flattest and smoothest I could find. The site of the village is one of the most beautiful; on the bold brow of the mountain that shelves down to the Pindar, and about one thousand feet above the level of the river. Judging from appearances, no situation ought to be more healthy, but the pudan assured me that his village had, several months ago, been visited by the Maha-murrie, which carried off fifteen people out of a population of about fifty; that the inhabitants, as is their custom, had then deserted their habitations, and were living in temporary sheds beyond the reach of infection, in hopes of eventually returning when the infection had ceased to exist. One

old woman alone refused to leave her dwelling; she was, of course, debarred from all communication with the refugees, and the pudan pointed out the old creature wandering about the haunts of her childhood, having courted death in vain. I found the pudan an intelligent man, and had a long conversation with him in Hindostanee. He said that the Maha-murrie made its appearance frequently along the valley of the Pindar, and caused the greatest possible consternation. The word Maha-murrie means great mortality, and probably our word Murrain comes from the same origin. From all I could learn the disease very closely resembles the plague. It is issued in by high fever, followed by delirium, and ending fatally about the third or fourth day, generally with suppuration of the glands in the armpit and groins, under the jaw or behind the knee. Very few of those attacked survive, and the population of entire villages is sometimes carried off by its virulence—old and young, male and female, being alike subject to the disease.

The Maha-murrie is generally preceded by a murrain amongst the rats of the village, and cautious people then taken the warning and desert their houses for an entire season or longer. The Maha-murrie is believed to be highly contagious, and when it breaks out in a village separation from the infected becomes imperative, and self-preservation extinguishes every social and domestic affection. The son deserts his sick father, the daughter her afflicted mother, the husband his affectionate wife, leaving them to their fate, without assistance, and without remorse, to die in their houses or their gardens, like the rats that precede them; nor do they venture back to perform even the rites of funeral till all risk of contagion is supposed to be over. Moreover, if an individual from an infected village were to venture into an uninfected village, he would be stoned to death instantly. Even the old woman that lingered amongst the ruins of Harmoony dared not venture out a mile to join her former associates without the sacrifice of her life.

That such a pestilence should break out in a populous town tainted with the essences of disease is not surprising; but that it should originate amongst a most frugal people, living in primitive houses, in a temperate and delightful climate such as this, is indeed mysterious.

The houses of these hills are built of stone cemented with clay, and roofed with large slabs of clay slate; the family living on the upper story, the lower being filled with their cattle. Certainly much filth and offal lie around, and the persons of the natives are any thing but satisfactory in a sanitary sense.

Their clothing consists of a coarse, rough blanket of wool or hemp, spun and woven by themselves, seldom or never washed or changed, and pinned upon their persons by great brass skewers. The disease is acknowledged to be much more virulent amongst the wearers of wool than the wearers of hemp, or even of cotton; and to prevail more in the hot and rainy season than in the cold weather. At present I believe there is not a case in the province of Kumaon.

The most probable cause of Maha-murrie is the filthy state of their persons, and their no less filthy habits of their domestic economy; and the most salutary mode of reform would be to have more frequent ablution, and abandon the system of converting the lower story of their dwellings into cattle sheds.

Withal, it is very difficult to trace effects to their true causes, and the perplexities of European science in accounting for the prevalence of the most familiar epidemics at home, makes one diffident in coming to decided conclusions on so mysterious an epidemic as the Maha-murrie.

This afternoon my attention was directed to what appeared a dense movable cloud hovering over a lofty range of mountains to the north, and I was informed that it was caused by an immense multitude of locusts that for some days had been endeavoring to cross over the snowy range into the valley of Kunawur, but could not on account of the cold. The army had made various attempts to encamp and refresh themselves upon the fields of the villages, but were speedily put to flight by the beating of drums and the firing of muskets. It was suspected that the whole host would eventually perish—a prospect that the natives seemed to enjoy. Such flights are by no means uncommon; the ground is sometimes covered some inches deep with their carcasses, and these are gathered up in basketfuls to be parched for food. There was something intensely pathetic in the fate that seemed to await this invading army, reminding one strongly of a similar fate that befell the French armies returning from Moscow, or the Carthaginian armies attempting to cross the Alps. Picked up several invalid locusts, resembling large brown dragon flies, three or four inches in length, that had dropped from cold and hunger.

6th October.—Started this morning by moonlight, having a very long journey before us, and descending along the left bank of the river Pindar, halted for an hour at the pretty little village of Ming. Here we learned that the road some miles further down was carried away by the river, rendering our intended route that way impassable, and making a detour of many miles neces-

sary before we can rejoin the direct road. Learned that Ming suffered severely about six months ago from the Maha-murrie, no less than forty individuals having fallen victims; while another village on the opposite side of the road, and on the same level, had not a case of it.

I am glad to get away from the roaring, raging, impetuous, irresistible torrent of the Pindar; where an elephant could not maintain his footing for a second, nor stand the most remote chance of making his way to the other side; where pine trees entire, both root and branch, are swept away like straws upon a rivulet; where whole estates are washed away in land slips; where rocks, and even mountains themselves, are undermined, their fragments being hurled along the bottom like thunder, and piled up in gigantic boulders that excite our wonder and surprise. I have already travelled down its margin about twenty miles, and seen only one pool of smooth water, near Koolsary, but large as a lake, and fit to quarter a whale in. The Pindar is fed by the Pinduree glaciers, and during the recent rainy season must have been twenty feet higher than it is at present.

At Ming we began the ascent of the range of mountains that wall in the river; road excessively steep, craggy, and precipitous, often attenuated to a mere sheep track, frequently cut across the almost perpendicular rocks, requiring a good head and a steady foot to urge one's weary way. Riding on horseback was totally out of the question, where a false step, or a false alarm of the pony, might send man and rider tumbling over a precipice two or three hundred feet high. Self-preservation makes one nervously independent in such positions, and a good bamboo pikestaff is the only assistant one feels disposed to trust to.

About eight o'clock, halted for breakfast at a little village called Khob, the kettle being placed upon three stones and boiled with a handful of wood, the tea infused in due form, a jug of freshly drawn milk was got from the village, the tablecloth was spread upon the ground, and, squatting down *a la* Mussulman, a very excellent breakfast was made from the contents of the petaraks, quite *al fresco*.

Renewed the march about ten, and continued to ascend for many miles through the most sublime scenery to Kimoolee, a large village, lately depopulated by the Maha-murrie, and still partly in ruins. This is the highest encampment we have yet had, and judging from the size of the rhododendrons and oaks, and the absence of the pines, its elevation cannot be less than seven thousand feet.

7th October.—Started at six A.M., and did

not get to the summit of the ridge till nearly eight. Road pretty good, but too damp and slippery from the last night's dew to ride upon. However, I found the ponies very useful, by holding on by the tail; a *vis à ergo* not to be despised in difficult ascents. After a very long descent, too steep for the saddle and sorely trying to the hamstrings, got down to Pulany about nine, and had breakfast.

On the opposite side of the valley stands Loba, a lovely little hermitage, built by the commissioner of Kumaon, far away from the haunts of Europeans, where he sought retirement after heavy domestic bereavements.

A very perfect site for a European cantonment might be selected about Loba, but its distance from the plains would render it inconvenient in a strategic sense. About ten started again, and soon got to the banks of the river Ramgunga, as promising looking a trout stream as any angler would wish to cast a hook into, and about noon got to the ridge of the great chain of mountains called Doodatallah, the highest point of which is ten thousand feet above the sea. After a weary descent along a little rivulet, prolonged far beyond expectation, and the utmost stretch of patience, got to the halting place, Athbudree, about two in the afternoon, excessively tired, in fact I had made a double march of it, while the coolies had taken a short cut across the mountains, but impracticable for horses.

Athbudree takes its name from eight little temples or shrines, standing together, sheltered by two or three noble trees, and presided over by a few Brahmins. It is on the great pilgrim road to the two most sacred temples of Hindoo worship, Kedarnath and Budrinath.

Near the head of the Ramgunga river, at an elevation of probably eight thousand feet, stands the village of Sarkote, which I was told had recently suffered from the Maha-murrie. According to all our doctrines of hygiene, no position could possibly enjoy a more healthy climate; but yet this fatal disease here found its victims.

8th October.—Continued to descend the Athbudree River, through very beautiful scenery, by a road most skillfully made, and at great labor, I believe partly at government expense, partly by pilgrim-tax, a gentle, rideable descent being kept up the whole way; and about ten again met the turbid, outrageous Pindar, still more formidable than when I left it at Ming, but more majestic in its strength. I felt sorry to see my favorite little stream, the Athbudree, annihilated all at once, and absorbed in the tempestuous roll of the Pindar. Within the space of about twenty miles I had seen it

spring into existence from a miniature oasis, a dropping moss bank; then it became a tinkling rill, fighting its way through dry leaves, fordable for an ant, and liable to be drunk up by a thirsty bear; then receiving contributions as it trundled along, peopled by minnows, supplying food for the kingfisher, flies for the water-wag-tail, and water for the flocks that grazed upon its banks; then courted by man, invited into his fields to fertilize his crops and grind his corn; then rising in the estimation of the world as it descended, leaping over cataracts, expanding into placid pools, unfordable and bridged over, fit to turn the machinery of a manufacturing town, or deluge the camp of an invading army. I bade adieu to its crystal streams with regret, and felt as I have often done on parting with a fellow-traveller on a continental tour—the one about to lose its individuality in the tumultuous world of waters of the Pindar, the other in the no less tumultuous current of the world. After descending the main stream of the Pindar for an hour, arrived at the town of Kurnpray, at the junction of the Pindar and the Aliknunda Rivers. Large as the Pindar is, the Aliknunda is much larger, and a much finer river, and I felt well pleased to see the tyrannical waters of the Pindar jostled and pushed aside by the clear blue tide of the Aliknunda, as it had lately done the stream of the Athbudree. Kurnpray is about the last place in the world I should select as a place of residence; it is so overhung by mountains as not to have more than six or eight hours of sunshine; the roar of the meeting rivers is stunning, and the temperature is almost as high as in the plains; palm trees grow to a height of twenty feet, and yet I found oaks in full acorn in their neighborhood. Yet the residents like their climate, live and die there contented, and sing "There's no place like home!" It now became imperative to cross over the Pindar, and this was easily done by a splendid specimen of a grass rope bridge, spanning the mighty stream like an inverted rainbow; the ponies were coaxed into the river, and pulled across by a long rope from the opposite side, while their courage was kept up, and their heads kept in the right direction, by two natives swimming alongside of them, buoyed up by gourds tied round their loins. A still more extraordinary bridge was carried across the Aliknunda, being a single rope tightly stretched from bank to bank, a basket, suspended on a rude sort of pulley, traverses upon the tight rope, by means of which light goods are ferried over. The natives cross by means of a forked piece of timber, the angle of which rests upon the tight rope; an eyelet hole is made at the two ends, by

means of which they lash themselves between the two horns of this dilemma, and by manual exertion drag themselves over. This is the most nervous mode of crossing a mighty river that was probably ever constructed, and fortunately for our party, we had no occasion to cross it, for I believe our trip onwards would have been suspended. Here we killed one of the fat sheep, and had a jolly feast all round, even the dogs enjoying themselves to their hearts' content.

9th October.—Travelled up the left bank of the Aliknunda by a very good road, shaded with fine forest trees; halted for breakfast under one of the most alarming headlands I have ever seen, the road mounting by a long, steep series of steps, and overlooking the river far below, while the overhanging mountains, hundreds of feet overhead, seemed so loosely held together, that a pigeon settling upon them alarmed the loiterer below for the consequences. Nevertheless, I could not resist the temptation of making a sketch of it. What a glorious river is the Aliknunda, here running in rapids half a mile long, where one might fish for mahaseer; there spreading out into spacious pools where a navy might ride at anchor: here drowning the human voice in its roar, there so calm and silent that one could hear the plunge of an acorn in its bosom from the trees that mirrored themselves on its surface.

The mahaseer abounds in this river in common with most first-class rivers in the Himalayah, and jumps readily at a fly, when in the humor. It is a great ugly creature, like a codfish, and hence its name mahaseer, or great head, but is very delicious to eat. However none of my efforts to catch one was successful. In low altitudes such as this, a most venomous fly prevails, whose bite surpasses that of any insect I am acquainted with in virulence; it resembles the common domestic fly, but is only about a sixth part of the size of one; so venomous is its bite, that the bitten part swells to an enormous size, and resembles a piece of a muffin laid upon the part; a bite on the nose or cheek would swell up the eye for some days; these wretches do not reach above four or five thousand feet of elevation. At Nundprag, a second-class stream called the Nundaknee, joins the Aliknunda, it is crossed by a narrow wooden bridge, once the scene of a very melancholy tragedy. A young lady, one of a party of tourists, to show her courage, stood up alone on the bridge and began to make it vibrate, when it suddenly broke down, and she was drowned. Here met by appointment Captain R., the magistrate of the district, who had a fresh set of coolies ready to relieve the Kurnpragites, and as

the heat of the valley was intense, we continued the route without delay. About two P.M., crossed the Aliknunda at a place called Kimoolee, by a very well constructed wooden bridge of one span, fit for the passage of horses; here the river is very narrow, but exceedingly deep, overlooked by a reef of perpendicular rocks three or four hundred feet high. Took shelter from the excessive heat in its shade for an hour, and in the cool of the afternoon went up to Gopesur, thus having made a double march.

Gopesur is a considerable village with a large temple of a very sacred character, presided over by a rawul or archbishop, a native of Madras, who is supported in his dignities by a small tract of arable land, and a few villages exempted from paying revenue to government, over which he rules with independent authority, temporal as well as spiritual. But his chief support is derived from the offerings of the numerous pilgrims who worship at its shrine, *en route* to Kedarnath. After the heat of the valley of the Aliknunda, I felt quite refreshed by the cool, bracing atmosphere of this lofty spot, with all its bleakness, bareness, its stormy slopes, and naked mountains, added to which Captain R.'s good cheer and good fellowship after the solitary life I had been leading for the last eight days, made the evening pass away most pleasantly.

10th October.—Made a short march of two hours to Mundal, by an easy descent all the way, and encamped in a well-cultivated valley hemmed in by very lofty mountains, whose summits reached far above the line of vegetation.

Felt very much annoyed by spear grass on the way down, known by the native name of Chor-Khanta (the thief of a prickle). These are the seeds of a certain sort of grass with a barbed head, and a long tail like a grain of barley. As the seeds become ripe the tails become so twisted together that the greater number of the seeds are pulled out of the parent stem, and remain pointed in all directions ready to fix themselves in any object that touches them. Nothing is so convenient as a woollen stocking for the purpose, every step works them deeper and deeper into the cloth, the inside of the socks is converted into a regular *chevaux de frise*, as if a hundred pin points were sticking in it. A clever plan to get rid of them is to turn the socks inside out, when they will give no more trouble, but walk away again. However, this remedy is only temporary, as a fresh *corps d'armée* speedily takes their place, and at the end of a long journey many spikes are found to have entered the skin itself.

11th October.—Halted, this being Sunday,

and Captain R. never travels on that day. In no position of life is the sabbath-day of rest so appreciated as on a long march. Indeed, this is a day of purification to all parties. A pretty little trout stream rattles by our camp. I had a splendid bath in one of the pools, the natives had a general washing, and the horses and dogs came in for their share of it, and every one had a better dinner than usual and went to bed an hour before the usual time, to rise fresher for the very arduous task of to-morrow.

12th October.—Started about six in the morning, and soon entered the forest and the grand ascent of Tongnath. About nine, halted at some cattle sheds for breakfast. Found the box tree growing in abundance there, some of which were eight or nine inches in diameter. Cut several fine box-sticks from the tops of the younger trees. The box zone is apparently very narrow, as I saw no trees far above or below these cattle sheds. After breakfast we continued to ascend for many miles through most magnificent forests of oaks and rhododendrons, chestnuts and silver firs, yews and cedars, and clumps of the elegant bamboo, known by the name of Ringal, which grows in such good company in great luxuriance. This bamboo would be invaluable if it would grow in Europe; at the root it is not more than an inch in diameter, and yet tapers to the height of twenty or thirty feet, pliant as a willow and straight as a fishing-rod. For basket work of all descriptions no material approaches it. There is every reason to conclude that the Ringal would grow well in England, and might take the place of the furze and the broom, the nettle and the bramble. Major Madden, of the artillery, has, I know, sent home quantities of the seed, and I hope his exertions to confer so valuable an article of domestic economy on his country will not be in vain. Arrived at the summit of the ridge about noon, and descended a few hundred feet to Chopta, where water is first to be found, and where an extensive range of houses is built for the accommodation of pilgrims. Here I met a large party of the Sepoys of my regiment returning from Kedarnath, no longer the quiet, respectful set of men they were wont to be at Almorah, but wound up to a pitch of fanaticism and insubordination, quite at variance with their usual character in cantonments. The rencontre was mutually disagreeable.

We have now got only to the neck of the great mountain of Tongnath, and to-morrow we hope to stand upon its summit.

13th October.—Started this morning long before daylight, and after a weary, long ascent up one of the roughest roads I have

ever travelled, got to Tongnath temple about sunrise, an antiquated building of moderate size and pretensions; and, after half an hour's hard climbing, we stood upon the summit of Tongnath, twelve thousand feet above the sea, with an amphitheatre of the sublimest scenery in the whole world, to describe which all language and all powers of the pencil are infinitely inadequate, so I shall not attempt either the one or the other. The ground was covered with white hoar frost, and the thick carpet of moss and lichens required careful footing to prevent falling. We had now got above all herbage. A dwarf species of rhododendron formed the last link in the chain of herbage, and next to it grew the dog rose, the birch, and the mountain ash, all of them dwarfed to a miniature size before they ceased to exist. I expected to have been more affected by the highly rarified atmosphere of so elevated a position, but felt no inconvenience from it. Here Captain R. and I separated for a time, he in pursuit of heavy game, I after the beautiful Monal pheasants. Captain R. is an enthusiastic sportsman, gifted with a strength of sinew and length of wind, that seem indefatigable, with a certainty of aim that makes every shot tell. I found the Monal numerous, but exceedingly wild and wary, either running through the jungle like hares, or flying overhead like flashes of light from a reflecting mirror, all downhill. The cock pheasant is a very superb bird, and I did my best to bag one, but could not, but was obliged to content myself with a young hen, and returned to my tent intensely pleased with the scenery.

About 2 P.M., Captain R. returned, after an unsuccessful hunt for wild goats and wild sheep, amongst precipices where even they paused before they leaped. When about to give up the chase a large bear made his appearance, and, without perceiving R., gradually advanced uphill towards the spot where he sat; now grubbing up roots, upsetting stones to get at the beetles, and grunting forth his disgust at finding so scanty a breakfast, when a two-ounce bullet was lodged in his chest, which felled him; but in his dying struggles the bear rolled over a precipice some hundred feet high, to form a feast for the golden eagles that abound in these mountains.

14th October.—Here took leave of Captain R., with my larder well replenished with part of a fat sheep that he had killed at Chopta. Descended for two hours by a very fair bridle road, through a forest of yew trees, box and cedar; and as we got lower the oak, rhododendron, walnut, and chestnut became most numerous, many of the trees being festooned with fleecy moss, or span-

gled with orchideæ. After crossing a little stream, entered upon the most wretched road possible, at best a mere footpath, cut across nearly perpendicular mountains, and sometimes carried round precipices, and over fearful ravines by mere scaffolds laid from rock to rock, so rudely constructed that I quaked for my ponies a dozen times as they were most carefully led along by one man at the head and two at the tail, to prevent their slipping. The custom in these hills is not to shoe ponies, the naked hoof being much more secure; and it is worthy of remark, that the want of iron shoes is never felt as an inconvenience. As we got lower down we met a whole army of white monkeys, or langgoors, with black faces, and long prehensile tails, the most sagacious brutes possible. They jumped from branch to branch, and from tree to tree with wonderful agility, and kept us company for part of the way as easily as if they had been on the ground. They are held very sacred by the natives, and it is reckoned a crime, second only to homicide, to kill one.

Arrived at Okeemath about three in the afternoon, having been on the march nearly all day.

Okeemath is the seat of the rawul of Kedarnath, who holds a place in Hindoo religion corresponding with that of the Archbishop of Canterbury. The palace is a large, irregular pile of substantial masonry, with a very neat, gilded temple in the courtyard. There is little bustle and no pomp about it, with nothing of the picturesque, and without a road better than a cow-path. Soon after the tent was pitched I had a message from the rawul, stating that he wished to pay me a visit. Soon after he arrived, led by the hand by one of his subordinates, a deacon or vicar, as if he had been blind. He is a native of Madras, a little fat man, very dark compared with the natives of the hills, intelligent, and very good-natured and chatty, wore a profusion of gold earrings, finger-rings, and bracelets, and had lived in those parts for the last twenty-five years. He brought me a lot of presents, a bag of musk, nine cocoanuts, a large tray of almonds and raisins, and lumps of sugar, a jar of honey, a piece of fine muslin, and two large dried everlasting flowers. We had a long chat. I asked him if he intended returning to end his days in Madras; but he replied he intended dying at his post. Though he had a large train of followers, he had only two natives of Madras along with him, showing that nepotism is not one of his failings, but that he distributes the loaves and fishes of his office amongst the people among whom he lives.

Here I parted with my ponies for a time,

and all the heavy baggage possible, so as to travel lightly; besides, the road onward is not fit for horses. The usual mode of conveyance on a grand scale is by the common sheep; two little canvas bags, connected by a strip of cloth, are thrown across their backs, each sheep carrying a load of about twenty pounds. All the traffic from Thibet is conveyed in this way, in large droves. Half a dozen goats are posted at the head of each drove, like pioneers at the head of a marching regiment, and the whole drove of several hundreds, or thousands, trudge uphill and downhill, with as much order as so many human beings. Towards the afternoon they halt for the day to rest and graze, and at night are gathered close together, protected by immense dogs, which keep up a bark of defiance all night long.

15th October.—Started at sunrise, and had a very long and weary descent by a very indifferent road, quite discreditable to his grace the rawul, and got to the river Mundagnee about seven, one of the main streams of the Ganges; the Aliknunda and the Mundagnee being the twin contributaries to the same river. I found a good straw rope bridge over the river; a very tremendous torrent, not very broad, but so deep and rapid, as to render swimming ponies across it impossible. After an ascent on the other side, equally steep and laborious, got to Fanta about noon, and pitched camp.

The scenery from Nalaputhun (which we passed about eight) up the valley of the Mundagnee, though less extensive than that from Tongnath, is more within one's appreciation, with all the elements for forming the most magnificent landscapes in nature. I could not resist devoting my humble efforts to make a few sketches, in hopes of at some future day expanding them in oil colors; but, oh! how feeble and inadequate; to do such scenes justice would require the mainsail of a ship of the line, with a Royal Academy of artists to transfer them to canvas.

Sublime as was the landscape in the brightness of day, it assumed new glories as the day died away exhibiting a series of dissolving views of all the hues of the rainbow; the green tints fading into the yellow, orange, the rose, the purple, the violet, and the indigo, in most beautiful prismatic order, till the cold, hard earth seemed transformed into heaven, leaving dull man alone unchanged and mortal.

We are now in a very elevated region, probably eight thousand feet above the sea; vegetation has become scanty, the soil stony and rocky, and the crops less productive; the people more primitive and more warmly clad; the cattle more stunted in growth, their carcasses more lean, and their coats

more shaggy; but the wool of the sheep was of superior quality, very different from the hairy coat of the plains. The dress of the men consisted of a scanty chintz skull-cap, a tunic of coarse woollen cloth descending to the knee, and secured with a girdle of straw rope, with trousers, somewhat short of measure, of the same material as the tunic. The dress of the women I feel at a loss to describe; they looked very much like a great bundle of clouts. Both sexes seemed very industrious; the women with the exception of holding the plough, and sowing the grain, performing most of the labors of the household and the field. The men were not the less idle on that account; each wore a thick belt of wool tied round his middle, which he spun into a thread by means of a wooden spindle suspended from the finger and thumb, and on which he wound it when properly twisted. Indeed, this useful article is in every man's hands at all hours, and in all places, whether sitting, standing, or walking, and the yarn is afterwards woven into cloth by the women for family wear.

The hemp plant grows indigenously in these hills about five or six thousand feet high, and at the end of the rains it becomes quite a jungle, high as a man's head, and as impassable as a field of wheat. A highly intoxicating drug, called ganja, is got from the seeds, and used occasionally by the natives. I think that the cultivation of hemp on a grand scale, for the purpose of exportation to Europe, would be a very profitable speculation.

It is worthy of remark, that the cockscomb, or princes' feather, so much cared for in our English gardens, is, at these high altitudes, cultivated for food. It grows to a height of three or four feet, with bunches of flowers as big as a whitening brush. Indeed, it is a staple article of diet, when ground into flour. Rice does not grow at this height, and barley and other grain but very scantily. To meet this inconvenience such villages have, in general, their little farms in low villages, to which they repair in proper seasons for grain cultivation.

During the winter the snow falls heavily, and lies long hereabouts, even for many weeks at a time; yet winter is the merriest season of the year, and quite a carnival. Deer of various kinds abound in the forests; their tracks are easily discovered; they have no chance of escape in the deep snow from the hunters provided with snow shoes, and armed with spears. Great numbers are therefore killed annually, supplying abundance of fat venison to make up for the short commons of the summer season.

About three years ago, as I was told, the valley of Mundagnee was fearfully ravaged

by the Maha-murrie, and in the moderate-sized village of Sipjoojee, about forty people were carried off by it.

16th October.—Started as usual about sunrise, and got to Akroat-Kotee (the Oak Village) to breakfast; road very rugged, with heavy ups and downs. Passed some stupendous cedars, or deodars (God's trees), worthy indeed of such a name, for the deodar is the noblest tree in the forest to look at, and its wood is almost imperishable, from being surcharged with resin. Of all timber that grows its wood is most prized for building, but as it is not very abundant, it is chiefly used for the construction of temples, or the houses of the priesthood.

Descended many hundred feet to Jilminputtan, a place without any habitation, where two mountain torrents meet; crossed one of them by a wooden bridge, and wended our weary way up the right bank of the other (the Mundagnee), far above its level, along a slender deer track, stretched along the brows of almost precipitous mountains, and often carried from headland to headland by mere ladders laid upon the most crazy supports, that required all my courage to cross them. Scenery exceedingly grand, now and then exposing the snowy peaks overlooking Kedarnath, no long distance off. Arrived at the halting place, Gowreekhoond, about two P.M., where there is a comfortable little dhurmsala for the accommodation of travellers, but no room to pitch a tent.

Gowreekhoond gets its name from a spring of hot water that bubbles out of the ground, and fills a little tank on its way to the river. The temperature of the spring I judged to be about one hundred and twenty degrees, the water strongly impregnated with iron and sulphuretted hydrogen. Such a spring in Europe would be a valuable estate, but here it is only an object of superstition.

Though this is the main stream of the Mundagnee, it here takes the name of the Kaligunga; it is only a few yards broad, but exceedingly deep and impetuous, one continued cascade stunning the ear with its roar.

17th October.—I slept but little owing to the excessive fatigue of yesterday, the coldness of the dhurmsala, and the tremendous roar of the Kaligunga, only a very few yards distant. Started at sunrise. A few miles above Gowreekhoond saw some wild goats, called thars, on the opposite side of the river, but quite beyond reach of the rifle; so I was contented to look at them with a telescope. They looked nearly as large and as heavy as donkeys with very long, hairy coats, of a dark-gray color. About eight passed Beem-Oodyar, a cave formed by a large mass of overhanging rock, affording good shelter

from rain, and with enough of level ground for a small party. Hereabouts, the masses of granite rock are of a most colossal size, many of them being as large as parish churches. All these must have been detached from precipices many hundred feet above their present site, and have tumbled down the mountain sides like foot-balls, crushing the patriarchs of the forest like stubble beneath a wagon wheel. The descent of a large one must have been worth going a hundred miles to see. About a mile above Beem-Oodyar crossed a small stream of clear water strongly impregnated with sulphuretic hydrogen. Halted an hour for breakfast on the skirts of the forest: foliage almost European, the oak, the mountain ash, the alder, the birch being the last trees to be seen. As we advanced the scenery assumed quite a new character, the trees gave place to the dog-rose, the rose to the fern, the fern to the moss, the moss to the lichen, the lichen to absolute sterility. On turning a corner, the open valley of Kedarnath came suddenly into view, walled in by lofty brown-colored naked rocks, from which numerous streams of water poured forth, the infant tributaries of the great Ganges. At the end of the valley, apparently at the end of the world, stood the most sacred temple of Kedarnath, still a good way off, from which the main chain of the highest mountains of the world rose, rugged, rocky, and precipitous—hill piled upon hill, glacier resting above glacier, alp piled upon alp, far above the reach of man's ambition, far above the view of the wild goat or ibex, far above the soar of the eagle, in an atmosphere too rarified for animal existence, where the snow-flake, the lightning, and the sunbeam are the only visitants,—where nature sits alone enthroned in unapproachable majesty, and surveys the wonderful creation of God!—Almighty!

Though the main chain of the Himalayah is nearly thirty thousand feet above the sea, yet science has demonstrated that it must at one time have been submerged deep below its surface. Though the general formation be granite, yet stratified rocks can readily be recognized by the telescope, and scientific travellers have found marine fossils in abundance on some of the passes about fifteen thousand feet above the sea. How infinite, then, must that subterranean power have been to have upheaved from oceans' depths into rarified air, such immeasurable masses of mountain matter! How incomprehensibly omnipotent the Creator of such powers!

No wonder that the natives hold those sublime mountains in such veneration, that they worship them as the abode of the deity; and that they are ever ready to offer them-

selves as victims upon the altar of Mahadeo (the great God) in the patriarchic belief that the more valuable the sacrifice the more acceptable it would be to the deity.

The temple of Kedarnath, perhaps the most sacred in Hindoo mythology, stands upon a gently sloping plain, resembling a marsh or bog, without a tree or a shrub within many miles of it, and at an elevation of probably eleven thousand feet. It is apparently of modern construction, with a somewhat Grecian façade, and the usual pyramidal tower at one end, still, strange to say, unfinished. The stone consists of mica slate, so soft and friable on being dug out of the quarry that it admits of being sawed into slabs, or cut with a hatchet; but, when exposed to the air, it soon hardens, and becomes durable as granite itself. There is a large suite of office houses near the temple for the accommodation of pilgrims. The season of pilgrimage was now over, and most of the priests and the attendants were preparing to migrate to lower and warmer regions during the rigor of the approaching winter.

I found the Brahmins sulky, surly, intolerant, and unaccommodating; averse to allow me the use of a hut, or the benefit of a few mats to cover my tent to protect me from the intense cold; repugnant to my pitching my tent within the immediate neighborhood of the temple dedicated to Mahadeo (the great God,) and every article and every locality was tabooed. Mahadeo's temple could not be polluted with the presence of my unclean tent, on the same ground sward; to lend me Mahadeo's mats to cover it would be sacrilege; and to allow me to occupy one of their outhouses where holy Brahmins might next season lodge, could not be permitted. Nevertheless, I selected a dry, level spot about forty yards from the temple, and pitched the tent in defiance of remonstrance, while my followers found shelter in the houses.

About two P.M., being provided with an intelligent guide, I set off for the foot of the mountains; and after an hour's gradual ascent over a wet, mossy sward, we came to a chain of rocky hills, from which the feeders of the great Ganges rush out in great numbers, all of which, uniting within the distance of a mile or two, expand into an unfordable river. To bathe in it is esteemed an act of great devotion, and though the temperature was about the freezing point, the Hindoos of my party plunged into the sacred stream over head and ears, though most of them caught severe colds in consequence of their bath.

On a near approach to the above chain of hills they were found to be an enormous boulder, or moraine—an accumulation of im-

mense stones brought down from the over-looking mountains by avalanches, every year adding to their numbers, and thousands of years enlarging the debris to the magnitude of the mountain range.

Treading along to the right, the guide brought us to a sort of tarpeian rock, called Byrovajamp, from the summit of which pilgrims were wont to throw themselves as living sacrifices, thus ending their days by being dashed to pieces. Such living sacrifices were considered acts of supreme devotion, insuring the victim the highest rewards in a future state of existence.

From this rock the no less celebrated Valley of the Shadow of Death, called Mahapunt, takes its rise, a long ascending slope between two rocky precipices, that ends in perpetual snow. According to Hindoo mythology, this Mahapunt is believed to be the most direct road to the world of spirits. With the assurance of the most favored reception after the journey of this life is over, pilgrims bent upon self-sacrifice took leave of their relations, as before an execution; with the resolution of never returning, and the conviction that if they only persevered long enough and far enough, they would be rewarded with a blessed immortality, they entered the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and eventually perished in the snow.

Such sacrifices conferred a solemn celebrity upon the surviving relations of the deceased, perhaps equal in their own little circle to that of Marcus Curtius himself in the proud days of ancient Rome. Of late years these human sacrifices were prohibited by the company's government, under the heaviest penalties to the accomplices; this ordinance has become as obsolete as that of Suttee, but tradition records an incredible destruction of human life in times long gone by.

The world will cry out, What an infamous government was that of the old East India Company, that tolerated such enormities so long! How very horrible, indeed! scream out our very good Christian people. What benighted ignorance! howls out Exeter Hall; send out more missionaries—more Bibles; drag those heathens from the error of their ways and convert them by fair means, or by any means! Every good Christian must congratulate humanity on the suppression of such barbarous rites; but however much he may reprobate them, they convey a moral lesson that may have a good effect on our own more enlightened society. Have we, good people, no Byrovajamp amongst ourselves over which our victims of society are daily precipitating themselves, to get rid of a life rendered too intolerable to be endured? Have we no Mahapunt up which our religious devotees clamber in convent chains till they perish in

the freezing cloisters of monastic life? Have we no funeral piles on which our broken-hearted widows offer themselves up as victims to their deceased husbands' mal-administration? Have we no Jaggernaut cars before whose wheels our idolatrous daughters prostrate themselves and get crushed to death? Let our fashionable ladies answer. Is infanticide less known amongst us than it formerly was amongst the Rajpoots? Let our match-making fathers and mothers answer.

Let us consult the records of the Coroner's Courts, the Divorce Courts, the Insolvent Courts, our courts of inquest and our courts of fashion, and we shall find that for one primitive Hindoo, that sacrificed his life for what he considered the good of his soul, a hundred of our fellow-countrymen—aye, and of our fellow-countrywomen, have fallen victims to their own acts and their own hands. *Mais revenir a nos moutons.* There being no glaciers hereabouts to interest one, and the snow line being at present a great deal too high to reach it so late in the afternoon, I made my way back to my little tent. I found the Brahmins more complaisant than when I first arrived, and willing to let me have the use of the house, but they were all so absurdly low as not to admit of standing upright in them, and so suspicious looking as to fleas, that I declined using them. With two good mats to cover my hut, and an abundant litter of dry grass upon the ground, I made myself as comfortable as circumstances permitted to pass a very cold night.

Learned from a register book shown to me that during the last twenty-three years only twenty-eight Europeans had visited Kedarnath.

18th October.—Spent a miserably uncomfortable night, though I went to bed with my clothes on; the poor dogs felt more than I did, and actually whined with the cold, and I had to keep them quiet by casting off their chains, and letting them lie at the foot of the bed. This morning the ground was white with hoar frost, with ice on every pool. I felt quite benumbed with cold, with great giddiness, singing of the ears, violent headache, rapidity of pulse, increased frequency of breathing, and loss of vital energy, all, no doubt, the consequence of a rarified atmosphere. The weather had become cloudy and threatening, and a fall of snow was thought probable, so I resolved to descend forthwith, and hastened down to Akroatkotee. Fortunate it was that I did so, for a heavy fall of snow took place the same afternoon, whitening the mountains, and possibly rendering the road for a time impassable.

19th October.—Made a long retrograde

march to Gopat Kassy, opposite to Okeemuth. Fired at two Khakur deer or Montjack about three hundred yards off, but missed them. Shot a brace of fine Calidge pheasants, male and female, very desirable additions to the larder, now almost empty. These birds have the habit of hiding themselves in the dense foliage of trees when flushed by dogs, and sit in fancied security. I had some difficulty in discovering them even when under the tree, and shot them as they sat. *Horresco referens*, but a hungry man cannot afford to adhere at all times to the etiquette of sporting. Another snow-storm has to-day whitened the mountains; but a large portion of surface continues black and bare, owing to the perpendicular formation of the rocks. This is a very sublime encampment. The great square mountain mass of Budrinath on the right, the serrated range Kedarnath on the left; with the intermediate field filled up with ranges of mountains, like the waves of the ocean in a storm, of all tints from russet brown to cobalt blue.

Clouds of locusts still hover about in forlorn hopes of being able to cross the snowy range. Saw several cases of goitre here, but the disease is not uncommon in this quarter of the province. Many would feel lonely and wretched in travelling so long without seeing a white face, or having occasion to speak a word of English; but I do not, and no one capable of appreciating such wonderfully fine scenery ought to be discontented. There is a fine old bird or beast, perhaps a monitor, to be heard about the altitude of eight thousand feet, and oft in the stilly night its familiar call of "what! what!" repeated at intervals of a few seconds, is very pleasant company.

26th October.—Entered upon a new route homeward, and made a very long descent to Bhery, on the main chain of the Mundagnee, crossed over the river on a good bridge, and then found my ponies and my heavy baggage all safe and sound. Mounted right gladly, rode up a very long ascent, and encamped in very fine forest scenery at the village of Kanara. Was informed that about three years ago the Maha-murrie ranged dreadfully herabouts, carrying off twenty and thirty people in small villages, and sixty or seventy in large ones.

21st October.—Started at sunrise as usual, and after many ups and downs got to the first ridge of a lofty chain of mountains, overlooking the Pokree valley, and continuing about the same level through oaks and rhododendron, and very beautiful scenery, arrived at Pokree about two P.M. Here I found the commissioner of Kumaon, and became his guest; he was occupying a small

rude bungalow of two rooms, formerly erected by the superintendent of some copper mines, but the speculation did not answer, and the mining was stopped. The valley of Pokree is very pretty, with extensive rice cultivation, but much sickness at present prevails amongst the people, and great numbers came to me for medicine and advice; my little stock was soon exhausted, but I promised if they would bring any of their invalids into Almorah I would do my best to restore them to health, a promise that only half satisfied them, for their petitions for present relief were so urgent, that I felt quite vexed I could not comply with their urgent demands.

Visited the copper mines, found the shafts nearly horizontal, most of them filled with water or blocked up with rubbish. Found some women collecting the ore from the refuse formerly thrown out by the miners. They first beat the mass pretty fine with a wooden mallet, then they drew it upon an inclined wooden board with grooves, cut out horizontally upon it, over which trickled a stream of water, the metallic particles settled upon the grooves, while the earthy parts being light were washed away.

22d. October.—Started at the usual hour of sunrise, and though the descent was continuous the whole way, did not get to Bamoath, on the bed of the Aliknunda till near noon. Here the Aliknunda is a very mighty river, having absorbed the waters of the Pindur far above this point. Crossed over by the

usual crazy straw rope bridge, swam the ponies across with little trouble, the stream being very gentle. Continued to ascend the left bank of the great river for an hour or more to Kurnpray, at the junction of the Pindur road, exceedingly rough, rocky, and stairy, a masterpiece of engineering—scenery wonderfully fine. What a splendid song might be written on the meeting of the waters at Kurnpray. What an immortal picture it would make!

Here a Sepoy of my regiment was carried up to my tent, being very sick and quite unable to proceed homewards; his legs were enormously swollen from the bites of the venomous flies in these low places, with numerous ulcers—in fact, he was in a most distressing condition, so I gave him my dandy engaged four bearers, and sent him onwards to Athbudree. Next day when I reached Athbudree, I found that he had died on the way; the putwarry took possession of his effects to be sent into Almorah to the captain of his company. The body was buried with all funeral ceremonies by the Brahmins.

As I am now returning over travelled ground, I shall not continue this journal further than stating that I arrived at Almorah on the 28th October, very much satisfied with my trip to the Snow, very much disposed to pity my messmates for pottering about the hill-tops, contenting themselves with looking at the grandest scenery of the world through their telescopes.

FERINGEE.

A NEW HIPPOPOTAMUS.—Another hippopotamus was born in the *Jardin des Plantes* in Paris on the 18th of May. He was received at noon on the brink of the basin of the rotunda, in the arms of his keeper, and immediately taken away. The maternal hippopotamus had no time to see her offspring, and yet she indulged in a long fit of anger. Without the aid of an enormous whip with which the keeper was furnished, he could hardly have secured his retreat; but by its aid he succeeded in getting out of the basin and shutting the grate behind him.

MM. Isidore Geoffroy-Saint-Hilaire and Florent Prévost were immediately called in, and they found that the new-comer was a very well-formed male. He was placed in a basin exposed to the sun, and he immediately took to swimming and splashing about as though he had taken lessons from his father and mother.

He was fed on warm cow's milk, which he drank with avidity; in four days he consumed nearly three gallons of it. He slept a good part of each day on a bed of straw covered with a flannel blanket; the rest of the time he amused himself in a basin of warm water.

His keeper, who did not leave him for a moment, could not make the least movement but his nursing would open his eyes enough to assure himself that his adopted father was not going to leave him. At night he slept with his head on his keeper's breast, and slept well until daybreak.

When he wanted to drink he roared like a calf, which indeed he somewhat resembled in form. He measured about four feet in length and weighed one hundred and thirty pounds at birth. His skin, soft, moist, and mellow to the touch, had nothing of that rose-tint which characterized the two other hippopotamuses born in the menagerie in 1858 and 1859. It was blackish in some places, and in others of a grayish white. There was also a very queer orange tint about his lips.

On the 2d instant it was noticed that his mouth was bloody, and on examination it was found that several teeth were coming through. While they were wondering at this precocity, the poor animal was taken with convulsions and died in a few minutes.